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FOOD FOR FUN

HOLLYWOOD HAMBURGERS . . .

It's a ready steady for teen-age star Barbara Bates, currently appearing in the United Artists' "Hal Roach Comedy Carnival". Barbara's favorite dish is that good old staple, the hamburger.

Here's how for two:

- 1/2 lb. ground beef chuck
- 2 tablespoonfuls butter, or fortified margarine
- 1/2 cup catchup
- 1 tsp. prepared mustard
- 4 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
- 1 tsp. salt
- 2 tbs. lemon juice
- 1/4 cup water

Barbara forms the meat into 4 patties, handling as little as possible. She browns them ever so lightly in butter. Then she takes all the remaining ingredients, the catchup, the mustard, Worcestershire sauce, etc., puts them in the pan, and stirs all together. Then she spoons this tasty sauce over the hamburgers. Covers it and lets simmer for 3 or 4 minutes to taste.

COOKIE CLASSIC . . .

Time to stock up the cookie jar! These "Black and White" specials are just the thing for just about everything—from that unexpected gathering to a super-duper celebration.

TRUE OR FALSE?



Good everyday health rules will help you breeze through "those days"

TRUE. Glowing good health, through proper diet, sleep, exercise and posture habits, will pay off in a feeling of well-being that certain time of the month. (And make you look prettier all the time.)

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IT!"

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YOUR FATHER HAS INVITED SOME VERY
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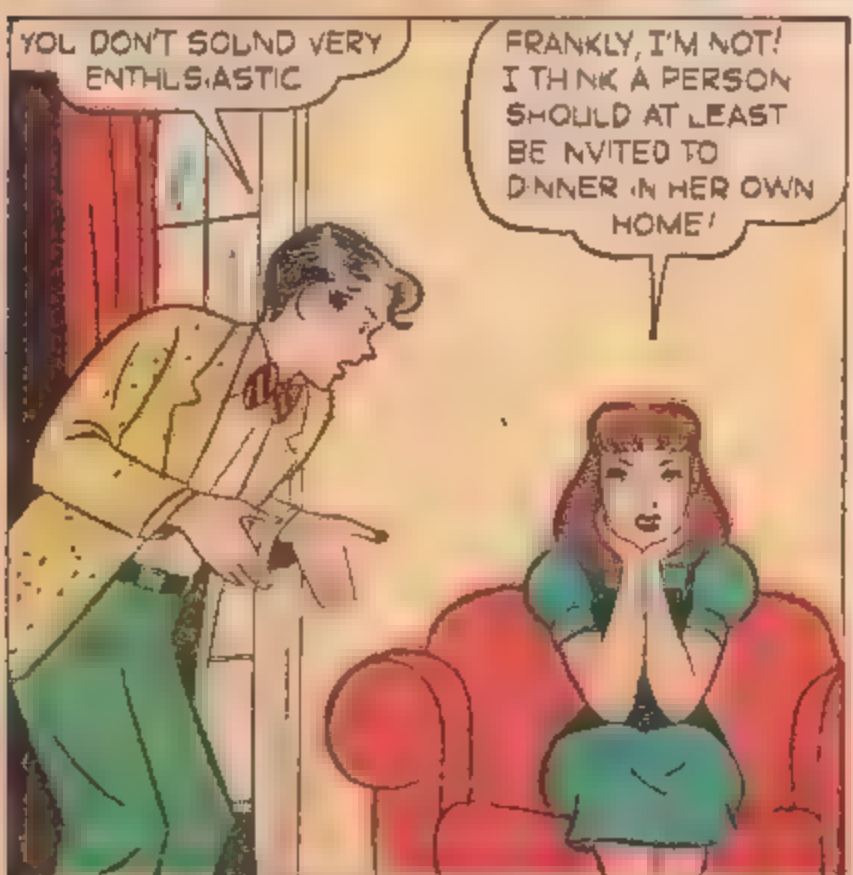
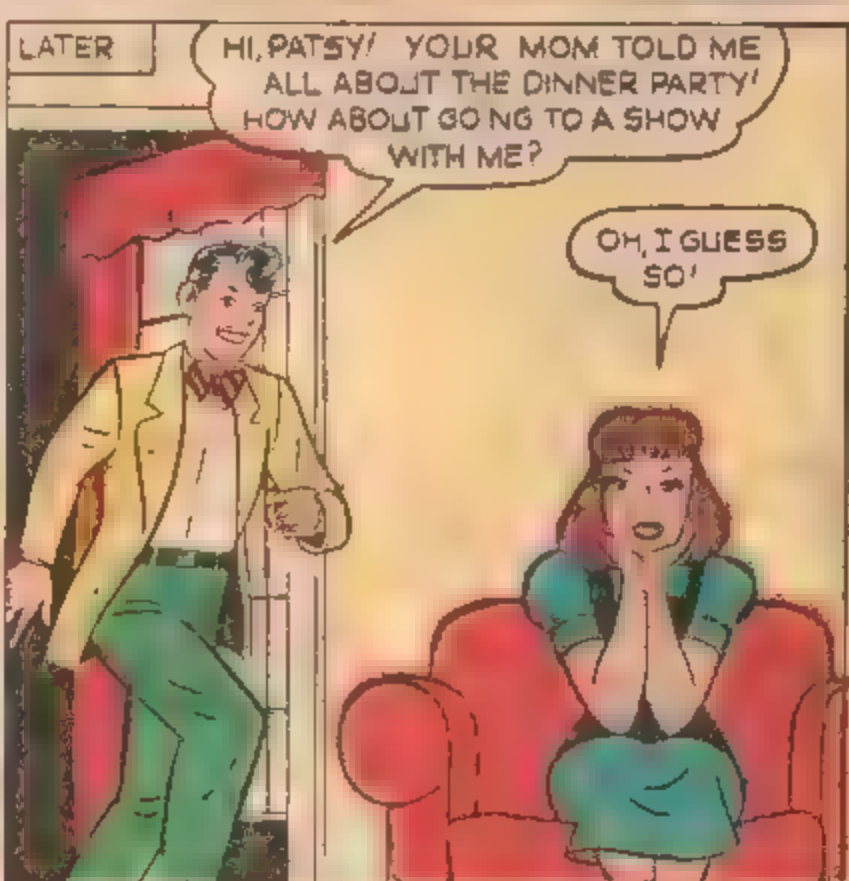
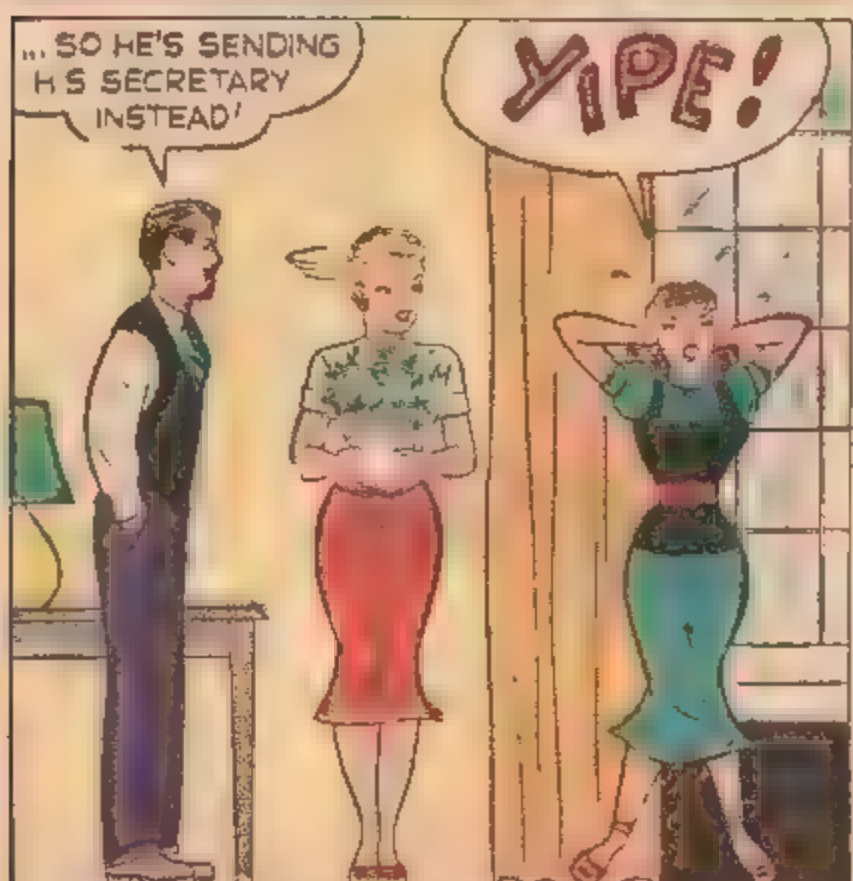
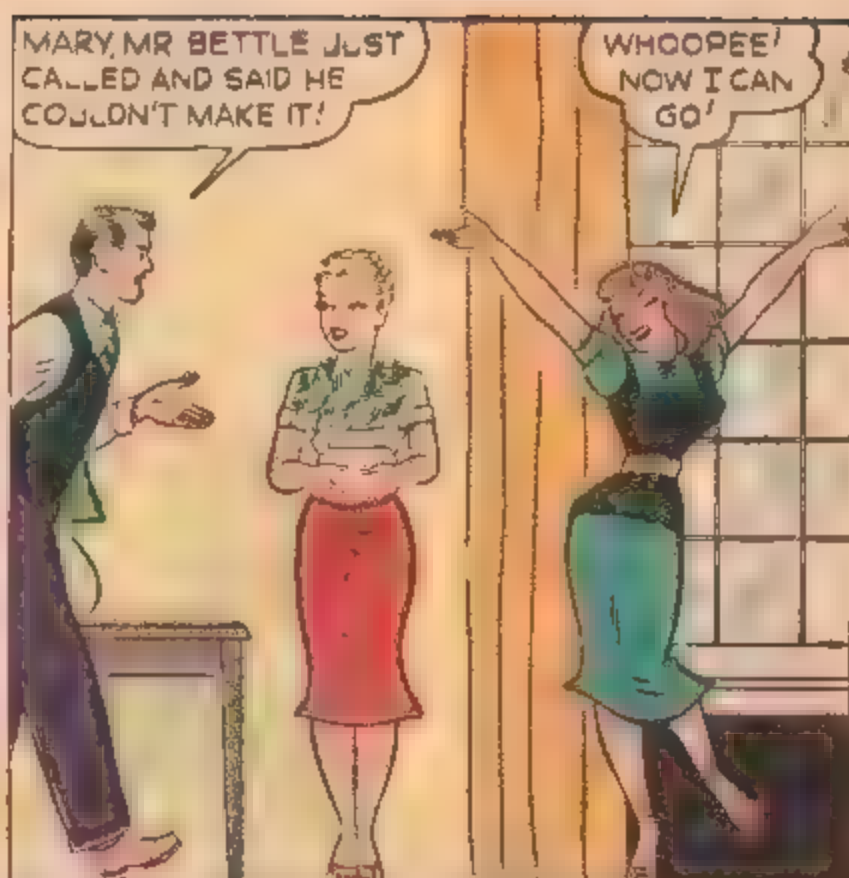
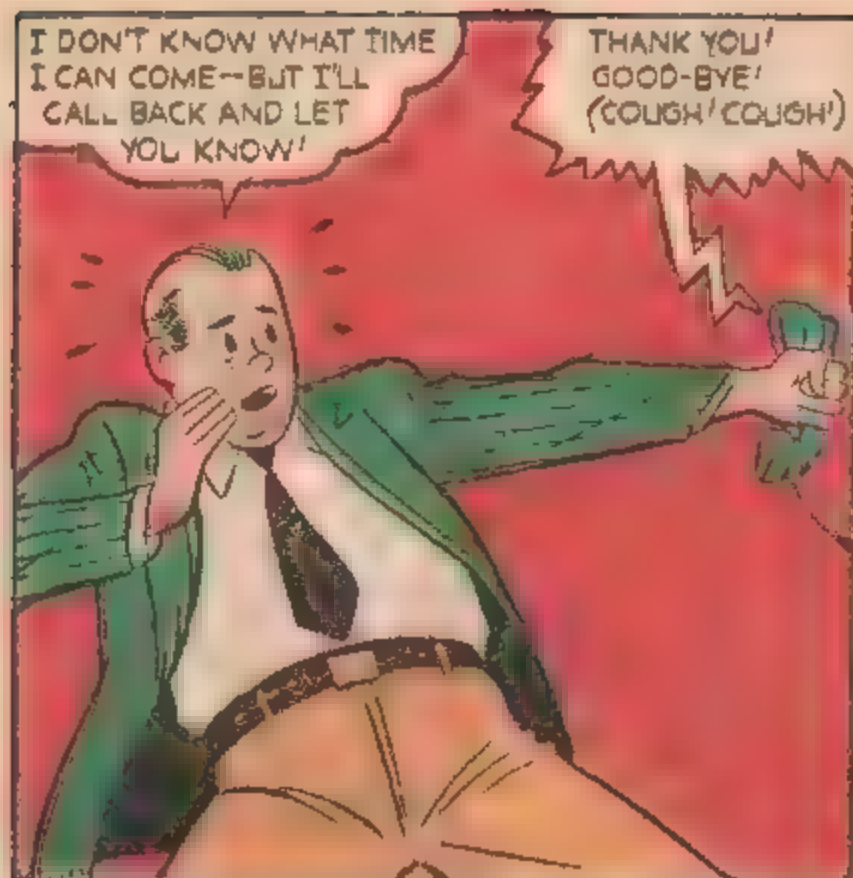
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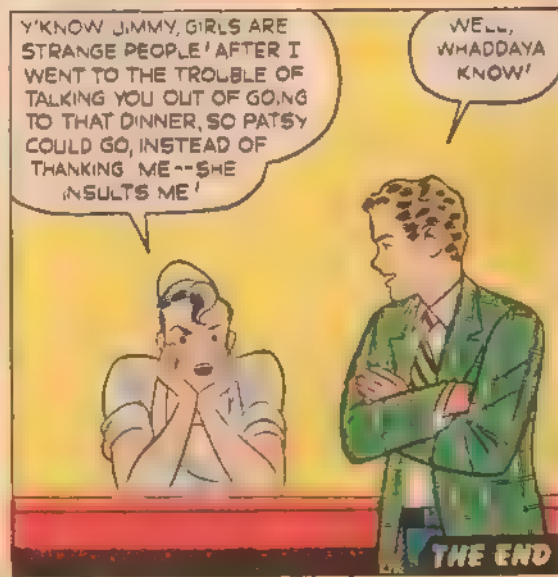
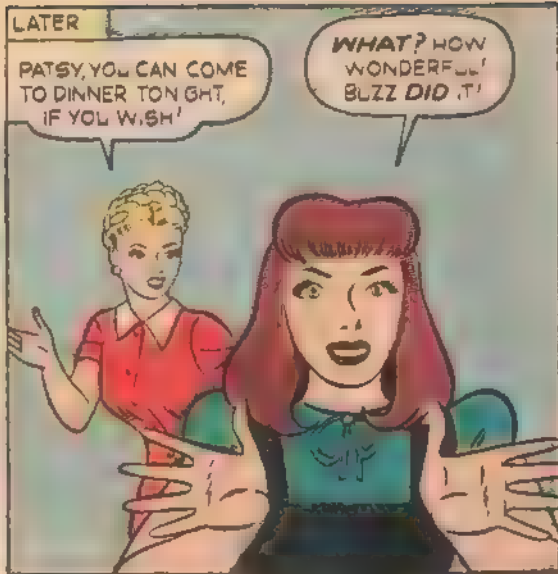
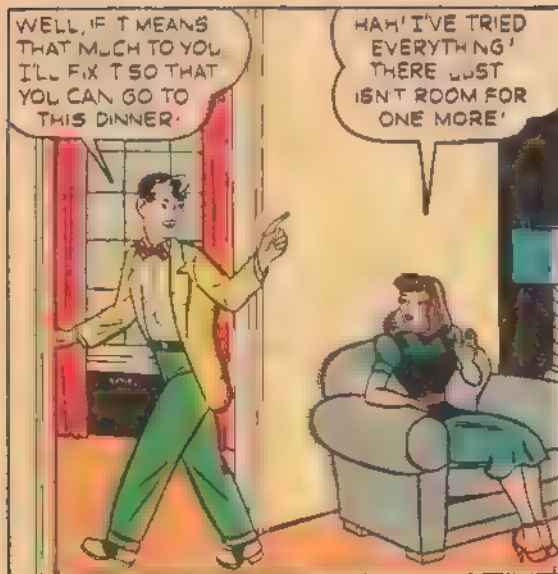


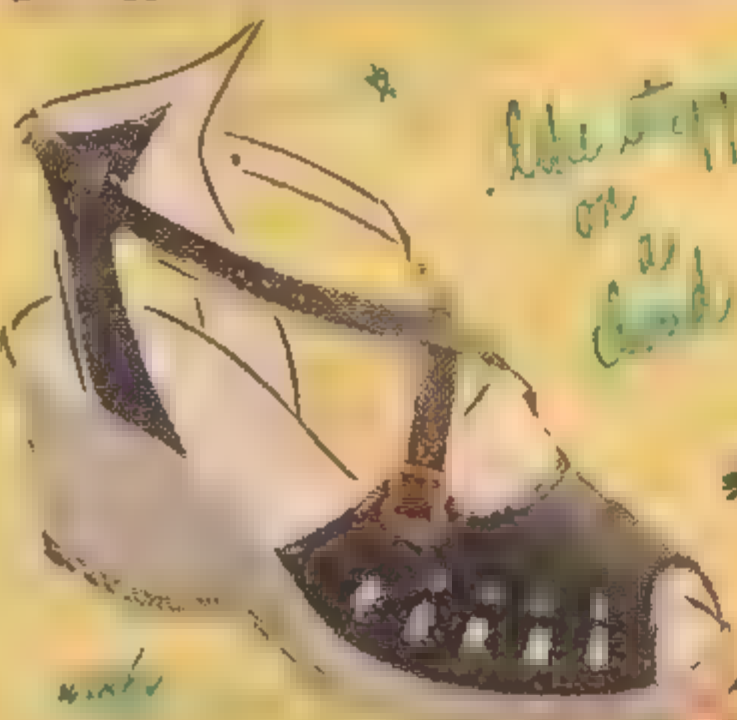






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FOOD FOR FUN

PICKLE PRANKS . . .

The crisper the pickles, the better they are, but they've got to be crunchy to be good! Try this recipe to pep them up.

Slice three dill pickles very thin, and put them in a jar.

Mix together $\frac{1}{2}$ of a cup of vinegar, one cup of brown sugar and one teaspoon of celery salt. Heat this syrup, and pour it over the pickles. Add two tablespoons of olive oil to the jar of pickles, but don't mix it in. The oil will act as a seal. Place a lid on the jar and keep it in the icebox for a week before serving.

ITALIAN INTRIGUE . . .

For an old-world dish with new-world zip, try this recipe called GNOCCHI ROMANA.

Boil 3 cups of milk with a little salt and a dash of nutmeg. Add 1 cup yellow corn meal, a little at a time, so as not to halt the boiling. Stir with a whip or a wooden spoon and let cook for 20 minutes.

Then thicken with the beaten yolks of 2 eggs and spread out on a buttered pan to quarter-inch thickness. When cool, cut with a round cookie cutter—a two-inch one is best.

Place these rounds in a buttered serving dish and sprinkle them well with grated Parmesan cheese, dot with butter and brown quickly under the broiler. Serve with tomato sauce, made according to the directions on a can of real tomato paste.

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for plunging necklines...
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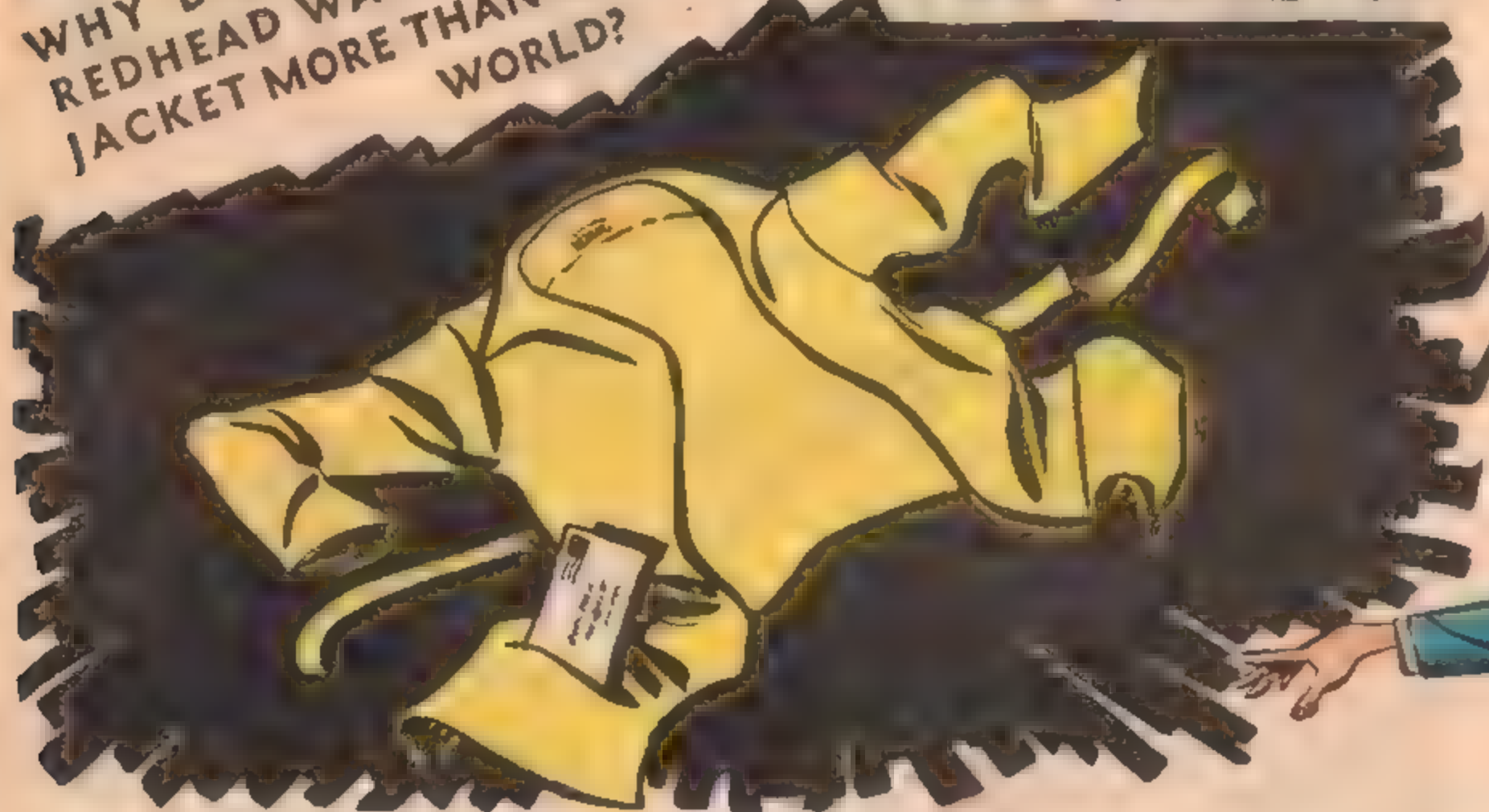
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WHY DID THE GLAMOROUS
REDHEAD WANT THE YELLOW SUEDE
JACKET MORE THAN ANYTHING IN THE
WORLD?

THE CASE OF



THE suede jacket was dazzling, but Spank didn't notice me. He was sprawled on our sofa studying how to be a detective.

"How do I look in yellow?" I asked.

He grunted without looking up.

"That does it. Spank Fallon," I said to myself. "I'm through being taken for granted. Get someone else to play detective with you. You've got competition!"

This was Friday, the night we always went to the movies. I'd never dated anyone except Spank, but in two hours I'd be attending a formal country club dance with Colin Craig. Colin was a boy from the north side I'd met last week. He appreciated me. Still, I hesitated to tell Spank about him—but only because Spank's family was away and our broken date would mean another evening alone for him. "Tori Philips," I said to myself, "Spank needs a jolt. Tell him!"

But Spank spoke first. "Something's eating you," he said, sitting up. "You mentioned clothes, so it's about that." His brow wrinkled then cleared. "You're going to needle me again about wearing a tuxedo to the Junior Prom. Right?"

"Wrong." Now was the time to tell him. I knew, but he looked so crestfallen I just couldn't bring myself to do it.

"I wouldn't wear one of those sissy things anyway," he sulked.

My hand had slipped through a hole in a pocket of the jacket and touched something. It was an ear clip made of imitation pearls. Suddenly, I had an idea. "Spank, look what I found in this

jacket," I heard myself saying. "And these pearls are—"

He jumped up. "Who does it belong to?"

I shrugged. "You're the detective," I reminded him.

He trembled with excitement. "A real case!" he exclaimed. "Tori, let me examine that jacket for clues!"

I knew about the jacket. I'd bought it last year as a present for my cousin, Sally Hobart. Sally goes to school on the north side. When she fell in love with a basketball player, she became a cheerleader. Their cheerleaders wore green skirts and yellow jackets, hence my present. But later Sally switched to a tennis player and dropped cheering. Yellow didn't flatter her, so she sent the jacket to the charity bazaar. This noon I'd been shopping at the bazaar and saw the jacket. I bought it right away because yellow goes well with my black hair. The earring in the pocket was probably Sally's, but "detecting" should keep Spank busy for a few days—especially since Sally was away and wouldn't be back until Sunday. In the meantime, I'd be free to see Colin.

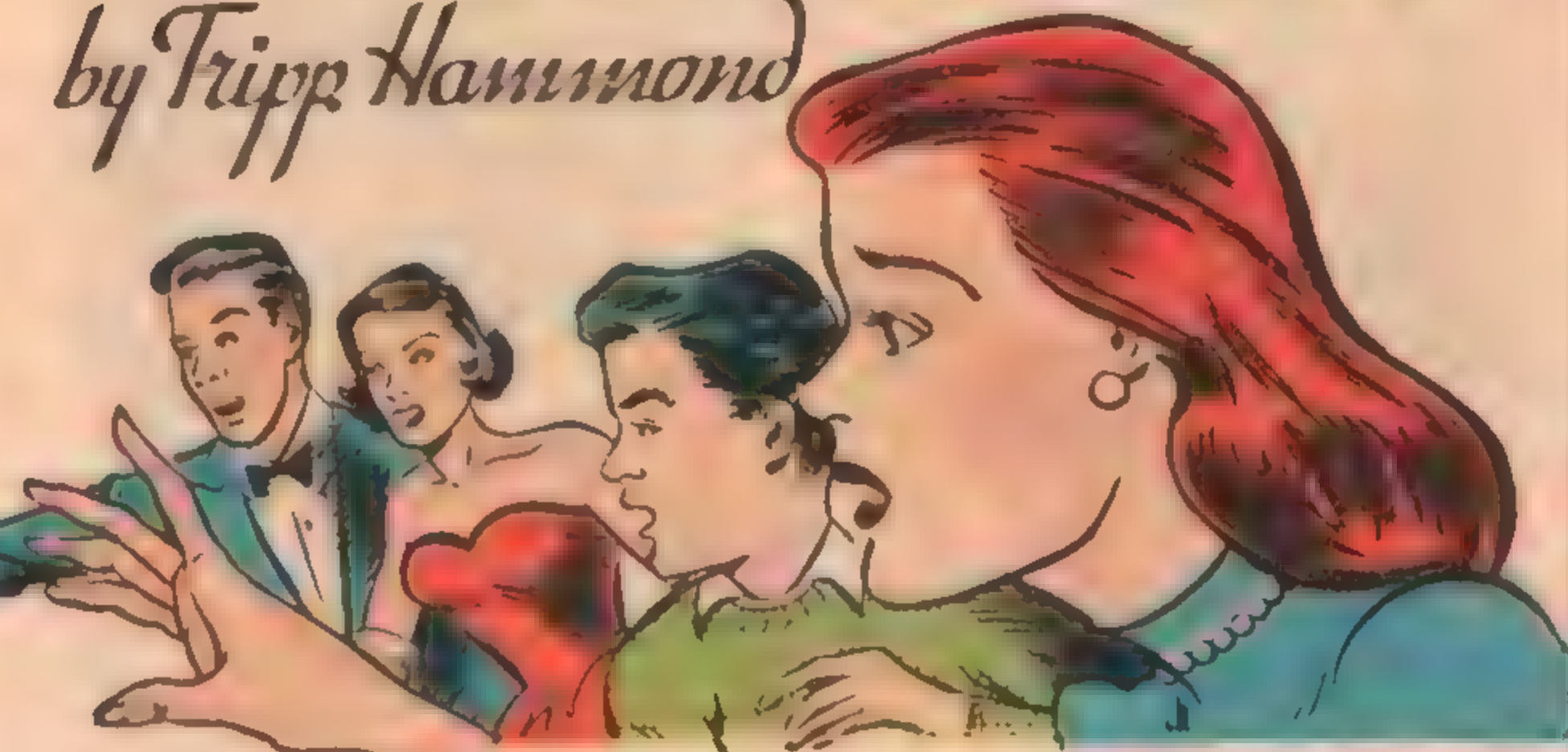
"The owner of this jacket," Spank stated matter-of-factly, "is a wealthy redheaded girl about an inch taller than you."

I smiled. Sally has light brown hair, she's slightly smaller than I, and she's not wealthy. "How do you deduce that?" I asked.

"Elementary," he said smugly. "See this smear of lipstick? Only a redhead would wear that shade."

THE YELLOW JACKET!

by Tripp Hammond



True—but a dozen women at the bazaar must have looked at the jacket before I bought it. One of them left lipstick on it.

"These finger marks at the bottom," Spank continued, "mean that she kept pulling the jacket down because it was too small. The jacket fits you, so its owner is taller."

Of course Sally would have kept pulling it down as the contortions of cheerleading made it ride up.

"And only a wealthy girl could afford such a jacket for casual wear," Spank concluded.

Twenty minutes later, Spank and I were back at the bazaar. Mrs. Hendrich, who had sold me the jacket, had left for the day. We were told, however, that there was no possible way of identifying the jacket's donor.

Then Spank said he'd check to see if anyone had advertised for a pearl ear clip. "Do you mind if we skip the movies tonight while I work on this case?" he asked.

My idea had worked! Back home I put on my new formal. It was the first I'd ever had, simply because Spank thought evening clothes were sissy. Colin looked like no sissy in his dinner jacket. He brought me a corsage of luscious daisies—the only flowers Spank had ever sent me. They were sweet peas his mother had chosen. "Princess," Colin breathed when I floated up to him, "you remind me of fresh violets and rich cream." I felt myself blushing at his stare of frank admiration.

At the country club, Colin scowled at any boy who approached our table. "I discovered you,

princess," he said, holding me too close while we were dancing, and I wasn't sure I could have danced. I'd been so close to the boy who had sold me the jacket that I'd been conditioned and I managed to stay inside.

On the porch back home, he grabbed my hands. "I've got to see you again soon, princess," he declared. "How about tomorrow night?"

I hesitated. The evening had been fun, and it was pleasant having an attentive date, but

"We can go to the Fountain Roof," Colin added. "It's the swankiest night spot, and I'll give you a chance to wear my formal." All right, I thought, and ducked inside to escape his overzealous gratitude.

Spank was on our couch when I returned from school the next day. "No luck with the papers," he said. "The owner of that clip hasn't advertised."

"Are you giving up?" I asked.

"No," he said. "I still have a few leads, but they'll keep me busy over the weekend."

"I have a few things to do myself," I said.

"Good," he said and stood up. He threw me the yellow jacket. "I won't need the jacket any more, but I'll keep the pearl clip."

I was thrilled with the Fountain Roof. Why hadn't Spank ever brought me here? It had such a distinguished atmosphere that Colin didn't come too close, and there was no deserted terrace.

"The trouble with this place is that it's too noble," he complained. "I'll have to teach you to dislike crowds."

After the floor show, I went to the powder room and when I returned, the dancing had started.

again. As I made my way back, I stopped suddenly and gasped in disbelief. Standing on the edge of the dance floor was Spank—tall and graceful in a dinner jacket. Clinging to him dreamily was a girl. She was redheaded, about an inch taller than I, and her black satin gown must have cost a fortune. Then I saw the ear clip, the one I'd found in the pocket of the yellow jacket. She was wearing not one, but *two* of them; therefore, this red-haired girl must be the real owner. In a flash, I knew that the pearls were real, too. Spank's deductions had been correct and he had found the owner! But he *couldn't* be right! I must be imagining things . . .

The music stopped and the couples began to move off the floor. I stood rooted to the same spot. Spank, with the red-haired girl clinging to his arm, was coming directly toward me. There was a moment of tense silence as they stood in front of me. Then the girl said in a soft, husky voice, "I'll wait for you at the table, Spank." She disappeared.

I shook my head. "I can't believe it," I said. "How did you find her?"

"I had her description and knew she was wealthy," he said, "so I went to the two best beauty parlors in town. The second one had a customer who answered the description. When they said the lipsticker on the jacket was her shade, I knew I was on the right track."

"Amazing," I said.



"The owner of this jacket," Spank stated, "is a wealthy redhead about an inch taller than you!"

"Oh, that was simple," he said. "It was much harder to deduce about your going out with another boy because I didn't *want* to believe the obvious facts."

"You knew *that*, too?"

"I figured it out," Spank said calmly. "When you brought home the yellow jacket, you had another box from Willett's Dress Shop. It was too big for a dress. I thought it must contain an evening gown. You wouldn't go out formal alone. The only formal party that night was at the Northside Country Club."

"I suppose you investigated Colin," I said bitingly.

Spank nodded. "He's a popular athlete at Northside High, and they say he's a wolf, so I followed you, just in case."

I stamped my foot in fury. "And just in case you got bored," I said, "you brought along that red-haired vampire!"

Spank blushed. "I couldn't come here without a date," he said. "Tori, you haven't had much experience with men, going around with me all the time. I have to watch out for you—"

"Hah!" I laughed. "I saw you with that hussy! You couldn't look at anyone but her." I stamped my foot again. "If she can get you into a dinner jacket when I've tried unsuccessfully for two years, she deserves you. Go back to her," I said. "I'm perfectly capable of watching out for myself." With that I turned and walked away from him.

"Gosh, princess, there are shooting stars in your eyes," Colin greeted me. "Did I put them there?"

"Colin, I loathe this place," I said.

"I told you it was too crowded." He grinned and stood up. "I know the perfect spot."

I didn't care where we went just so we left. Finally I simmered down enough to notice that we were in the country. Colin turned into a lane and stopped by a forest pond known as Dugan's Mill. He switched off the headlights and turned to me. Suddenly I was even angrier than I had been at the Fountain Roof. "Colin, if you don't drive me home immediately," I said through clenched teeth, "I'll drive myself and make you walk back—"

Early next morning I began an impatient vigil by the telephone. Surely Spank would call and try to explain about that red-haired girl. He would ask me to forgive him, and I'd tell him I was sorry about Colin. I'd admit Spank was right about Colin being a wolf.

At noon I called Spank myself. "Nobody's here," the maid said. "They've gone to St. Louis."

"But not Spank," I said. "He stayed home."

"He's not here," the maid insisted, "and his bed wasn't slept in."

Then I began to be really afraid. Those pearls were valuable and some unscrupulous people were holding Spank. He was a big, simple, trusting puppy. He'd be no match for that slinky redhead and the gang she probably worked for. I made myself think. Spank had traced that girl; maybe

I could. But this was Sunday and the beauty parlors were closed. However, the bazaar where I'd bought the jacket was still open. It was half-past twelve and I knew that Mrs. Hendrich would be there until one. It was just possible she could give me a clue.

"I'm sorry," Mrs. Hendrich told me twenty minutes later when I showed her the jacket. "We keep no record of who sends us things or who buys them."

My heart sank.

"Funny about this jacket," Mrs. Hendrich continued. "We sold it twice. It came in first about two weeks ago and was sold the same day. Then it was sent back and you bought it."

I clutched the counter. "Of course!" I thought. Sally had sent it in originally and the red-haired girl bought it. The jacket was a bit too small so she returned it and I got it. The clip was hers and not Sally's. But this was no help in finding Spank now. I dashed out to my car. I'd ask my father to call the police—

A pair of man's legs dangled over our living room sofa. But it wasn't my father who stood up. It was Spank! I ran to him. "Oh, Spank, are you all right?" I cried.

"Sure," he said. "I'm okay." He grabbed my arms. "Tori, where is that yellow jacket?"

I gasped, realizing I'd left the jacket on the counter at the bazaar. When I told Spank he paled and dragged me out to the car. "We've got to get it back," he said.

"Spank, I don't understand." I said as we drove down town again. "Who is that red haired girl?"

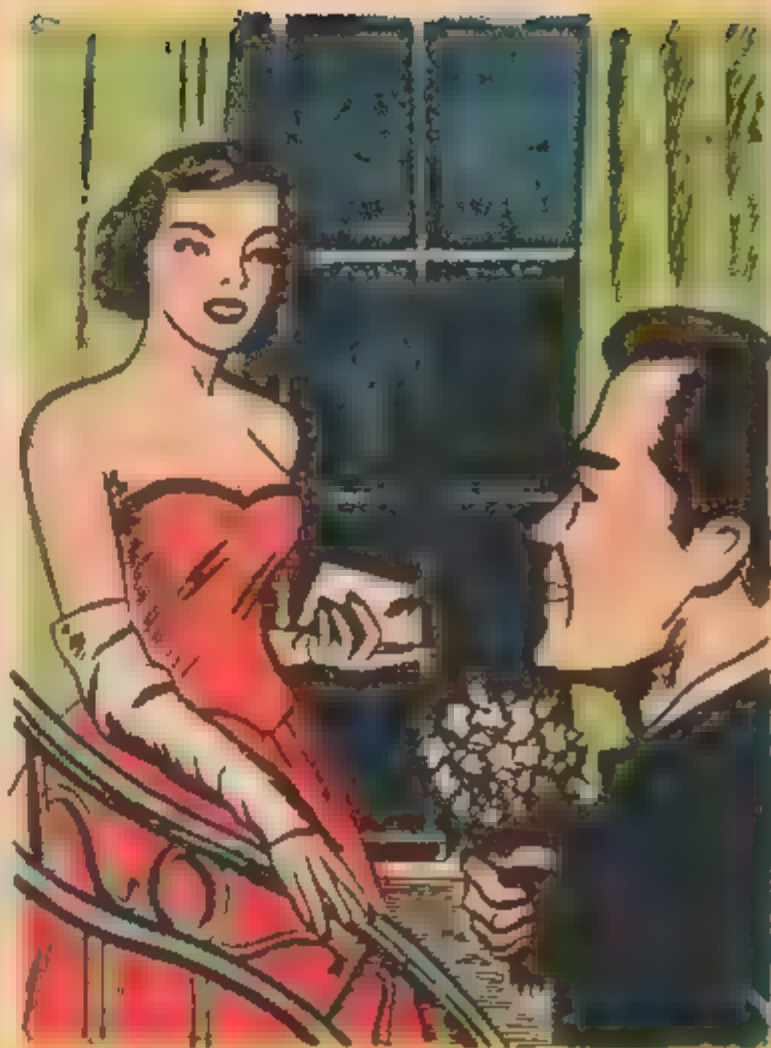
"Daphne Grant," he answered. "Her father is Charles A. Grant."

"The man who's running for governor?" I asked.

Spank nodded and I whistled. "When I took Daphne home last night, I met Mr. Grant and had a long talk with him," Spank continued. "It was late, so he invited me to stay."

I breathed a sigh of relief. Then I learned why Spank wanted the jacket again. Mr. X, a powerful politician, had reluctantly placed his influence behind Mr. Grant's campaign. Then Mr. Grant had learned that Mr. X had been involved in a graft scandal and had written an accusing letter to Mr. X. After giving the letter to Daphne to mail, Mr. Grant had learned that Mr. X had *not* been involved in the graft and that the accusations were false. Luckily Daphne had forgotten to mail the letter. It was in the yellow jacket. If anyone found it and mailed it, Mr. X would no doubt be angry enough to remove his support from Mr. Grant. And if anyone opened and read the letter, the situation might be even worse. Mr. Grant must get that letter back unopened.

It was almost half-past one when we reached the bazaar. Mrs. Hendrich had left the counter a half-hour ago, her replacement told us. "That yellow suede jacket?" she said in answer to our question. "Why, yes, it was on the counter and someone bought it. I haven't the slightest idea who it was."



"Tori," Colin breathed when I floated up to him, "you remind me of fresh violets and rich cream."

I took one look at Spank's face and my heart sank. He was thinking of Daphne, I knew. He wanted to help her more than anything in the world, and he had failed. "Don't worry," I whispered. "She'll understand that you did your best."

His face cleared a little. "I'd better go tell the Grants," he said.

"I'll take the bus home," I said, and left.

My throat ached and there were tears in my eyes when I entered our house. The telephone was ringing and I answered it. "Darling!" my cousin, Sally, said. "I got back this morning and the most thrilling thing happened."

It was several minutes before I could make myself concentrate on Sally's chatter.

"—and so I've gone back to my beautiful basketball hero," Sally was saying.

"Will you be a cheerleader again?" I asked.

"Of course," she replied.

Suddenly I clutched the phone with both hands. "The yellow jacket," I whispered. "Did you—"

"But, darling, that's just what I've been telling you," Sally interrupted. "I went to the bazaar, and there it was!"

"Sally, hold everything!" I shouted. "I'm coming up there immediately."

"But, pet, my basketball player's *here*," Sally complained.

Half an hour later I burst into Sally's house. She was wearing the yellow jacket. I ran to her and pulled it off. Just as I was reaching into the pocket, I noticed the boy with Sally. It was Colin Craig. We regarded each other for a moment. "You," I said.

Sally was looking from one to the other of us,

dazed. "Tori, you know Colin?" she asked. "How? Where?"

"I know him all right," I said. "It was at Dugan's Mill." Then I remembered the letter and thrust my hand through the hole in the pocket. Frantically I felt around between the lining and the suede. My fingers touched paper and with a cry of triumph I pulled out the letter. I dropped the jacket and ran to the door, barely noticing that Sally stood scowling wide-eyed at Colin.

At the Grant's, a butler opened the door. "Mr. Grant is out, but he is expected back within the hour," he said. "You may wait in his study."

Clutching the letter, I paced up and down the study. Finally the door opened and Mr. Grant appeared. Worried and fatigue lined his face. He was carrying the yellow jacket. Wordlessly I handed him the letter. He reached for it with trembling hands, studied it, and finally sank into a chair. "Thank heaven," he whispered fervently. At last he looked at me and smiled.

Later, after he had burned the letter and I had introduced myself, he pointed to the jacket. "Funny about that," he said. "When Spank told me it was gone again, I thought I'd go to the bazaar to see if I could locate it. As I was inquiring, a girl came in and slammed the jacket down on the counter. She said something about being through with basketball players and stamped out, obviously rather disturbed. I bought the jacket, but the letter was gone—"

As I was leaving, Mr. Grant offered me a reward, but I refused. "There is one thing, however," I said. "I wish you wouldn't tell Spank or Daphne that it was I who finally found the letter."

"It's a promise," Mr. Grant said.

Downstairs, a voice coming from behind the drawing room door made me pause. It was Spank.

"But what can I do if she prefers that Colin Craig to me?" he was asking.

"She doesn't prefer him," Daphne replied, "or she wouldn't have been jealous of me. And she won't be jealous when she stops to think that you and I have known each other so briefly."

"It's all my fault," Spank said. "I didn't let her know how much I appreciate her."

"That's easily remedied," Daphne said.

"I'll tell her I'm going to wear a dinner jacket to the prom," Spank said.

"That should help," Daphne said.

"How about taking her flowers?" Spank continued. "Violets, maybe."

"Violets would suit her coloring perfectly," Daphne agreed.

"And they'd match her eyes," Spank said. "Did you ever notice her eyes, Daphne?" he asked.

I tiptoed out, my heart singing. At home, I waited breathlessly. An hour later, Spank came in carrying some packages. He hesitated in the doorway. "Oh, Spank, I thought you'd never get here," I said.

He grinned then and came in.

"Why, Spank," I continued, "you're going to tell me you'll go formal to the prom—and Spank, are those *violets* in that box?"

His mouth fell open. "How did you know?" he gasped.

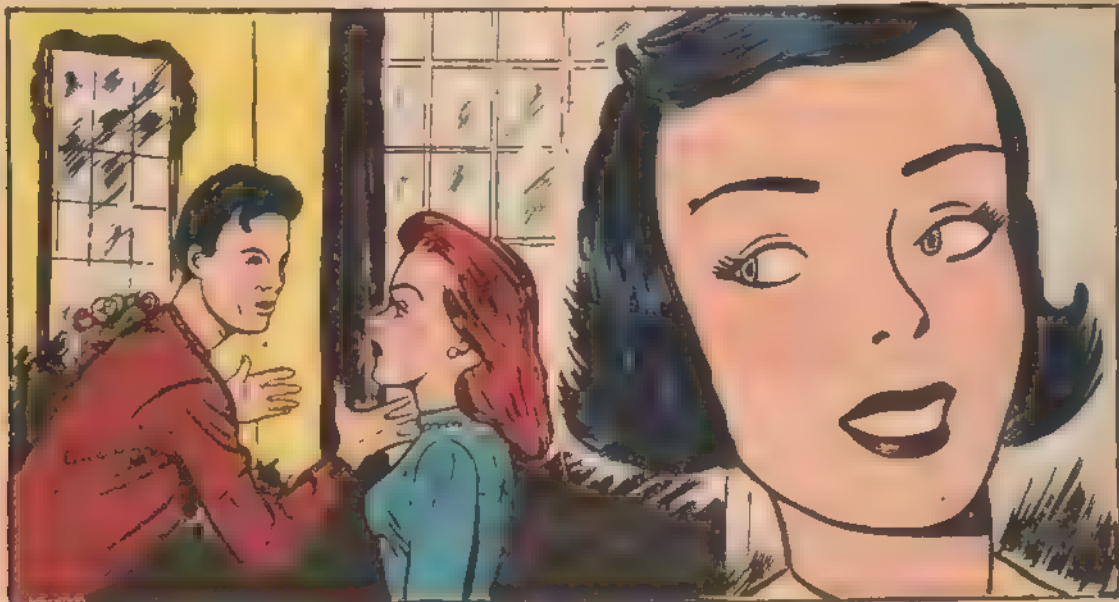
"A girl doesn't have to be a detective," I laughed, "to read the look in your eyes . . ."

Much later Spank opened one of the packages. "Daphne asked me to give you this," he said.

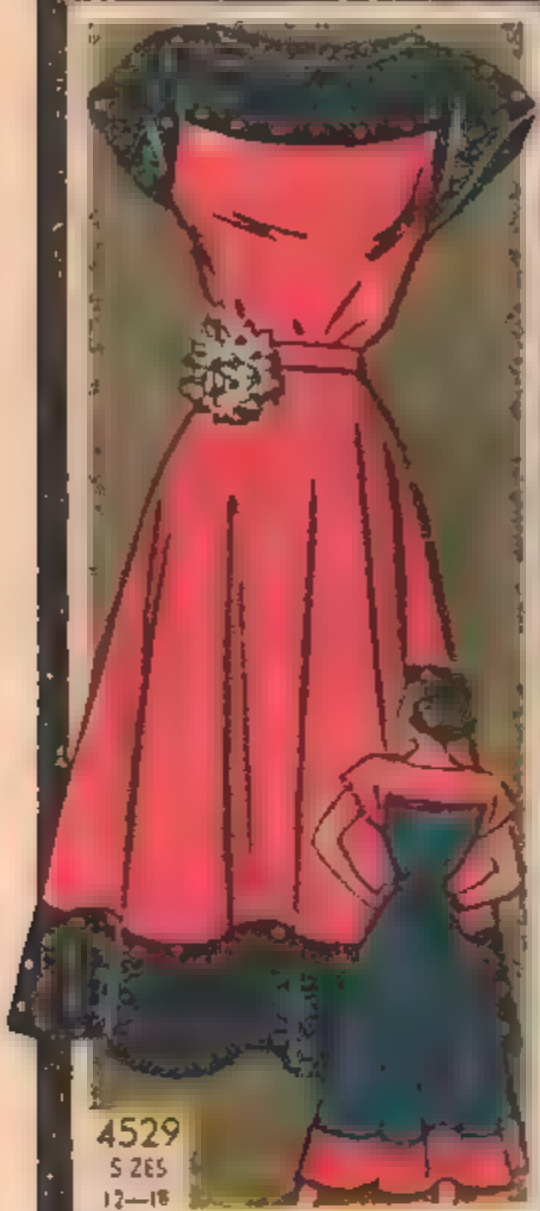
I jumped up with a cry and slipped into the suede jacket. "How do I look in yellow?" I asked, modeling it for him.

"Gorgeous," he sighed. "Just gorgeous!"

THE END



"It's all my fault!" I overheard Spank telling Daphne. "I didn't show how much I appreciate her."

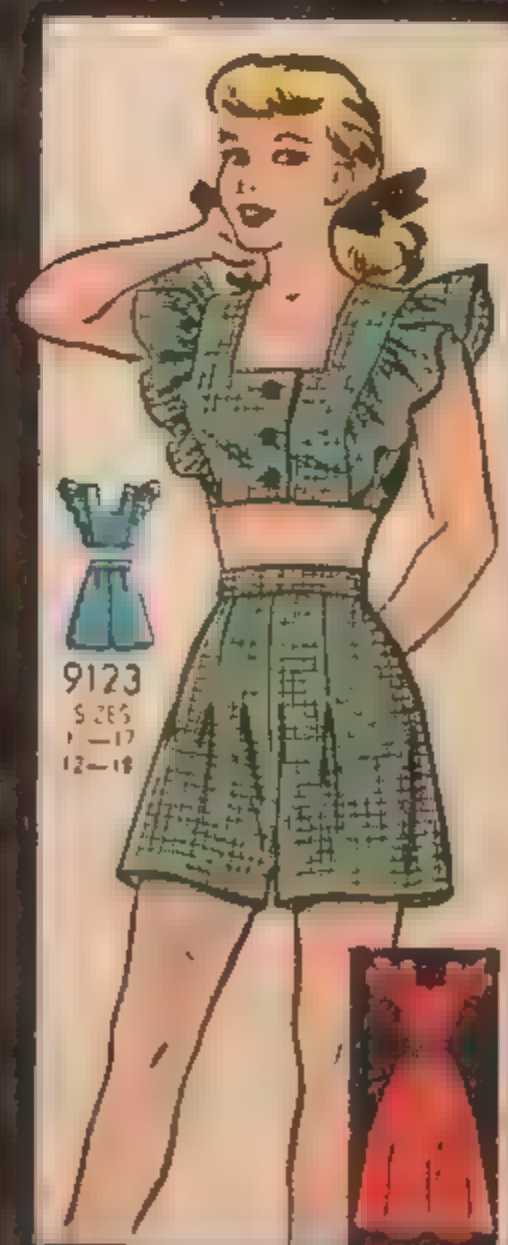


4529
S 2ES
12-18

STITCHIN TIME

4529 - Here's a dress for you when you are the lovely pattern which is so simple - is pretty - is delightfully and it's a woman in size 12-14-16-18 requires 2 1/4 yards of 35 inch fabric 2 3/4 yards of contrasting 35 inch fabric.

9123 - One pattern equals whole summer wardrobe. There's a dress if you combine the halter and skirt and a playmate if you combine the halter and shorts. Halter can be made with or without puffed sleeves and ruffles. This pattern comes in sizes 12-14-16-18-20. Size 12 halter and shorts take 1 1/2 yards of 35 inch material.



9123
S 2ES
1-17
12-18

SEND TWENTY-FIVE CENTS
(IN COINS) FOR EACH PATTERN TO
MISS AMERICA,
PATTERN DEPT., BOX 235,
OLD CHELSEA STATION,
NEW YORK 11, N.Y.
FIFTEEN CENTS MORE FOR THE
NEW PATTERN BOOK WITH A FREE
PATTERN PRINTED IN THE BOOK.



SAAAY--YOU'RE PRETTY GOOD!

I RATHER LIKE THIS!

A MISS AMERICA TRUE-TO-LIFE ROMANCE

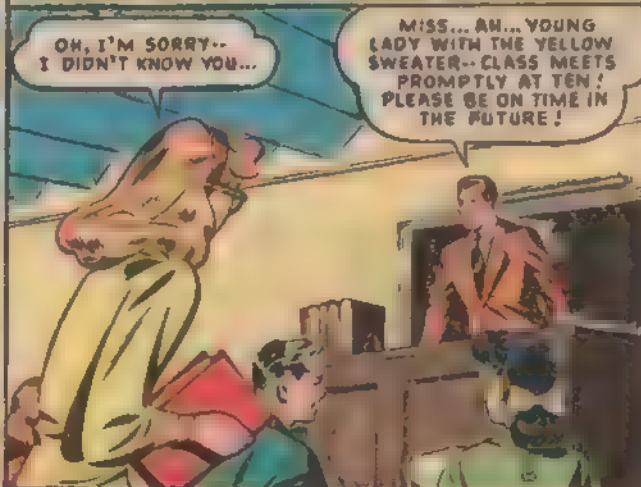
TEACHER STEPS OUT!

5423

FOR TWO YEARS COLLEGE WAS THE USUAL HARD GRIND, ONLY BROKEN BY WEEK-END DATES! I ENJOYED STUDYING, AND WEEKENDS WERE RELAXING. BUT FOR THE MOST PART, LIFE WAS PRETTY UNEVENTFUL!



THAT IS--UNTIL I WALKED INTO THE PSYCHOLOGY CLASS OF PROFESSOR DON COREY, THAT SEPTEMBER OF MY JUNIOR YEAR!



OH, I'M SORRY-- I DIDN'T KNOW YOU...

MISS... AH... YOUNG LADY WITH THE YELLOW SWEATER-- CLASS MEETS PROMPTLY AT TEN! PLEASE BE ON TIME IN THE FUTURE!

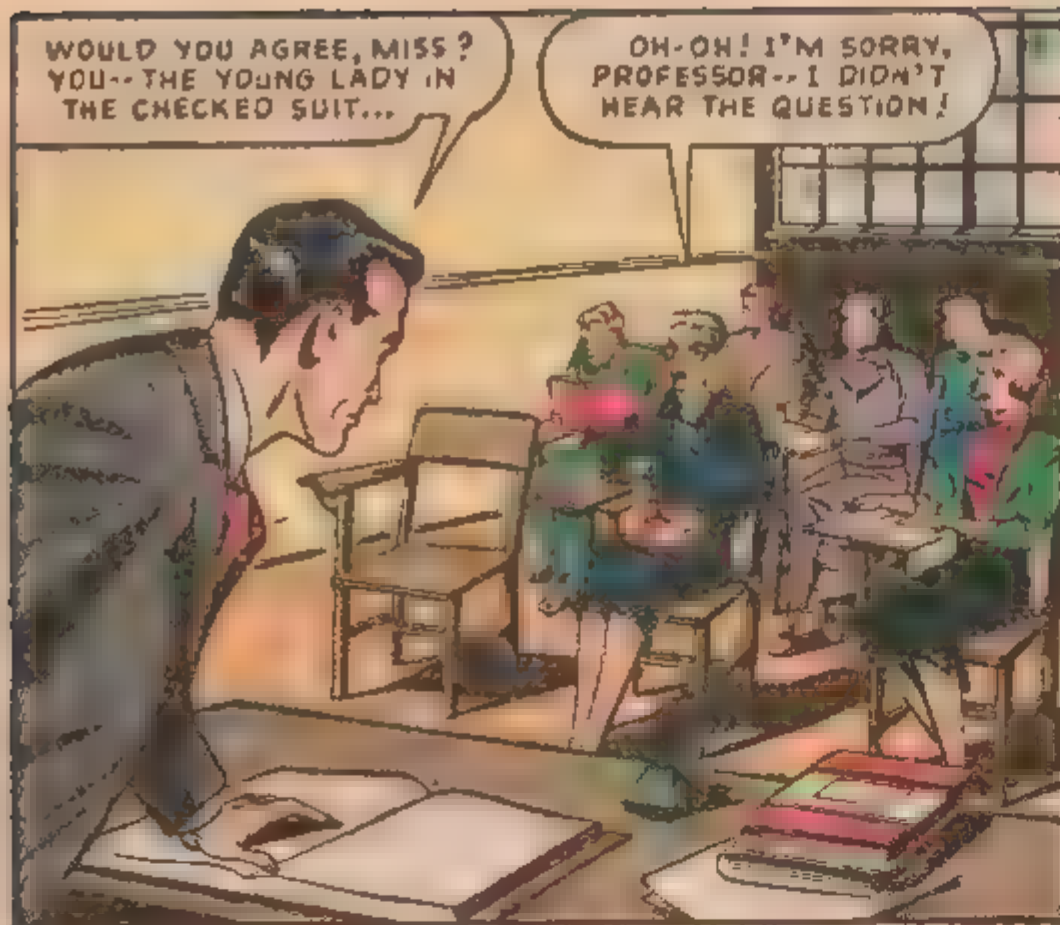
BROTHER, HAVE YOU GOT IT BAD-- I NEVER SAW ANYBODY WORK LIKE THAT JUST ON PSYCHOLOGY! WHAT FOR? COREY DOESN'T KNOW ONE STUDENT FROM ANOTHER!



IT WASN'T JUST HIS VOICE, ALTHOUGH THAT WAS WONDERFUL! HE WAS SO BRILLIANT, SO WITTY-- YET SO SHY! WHAT WAS THE USE? CAROL WAS RIGHT! I HAD IT BAD!



BE A MODERN '49er — BUY UNITED STATES SAVINGS BONDS

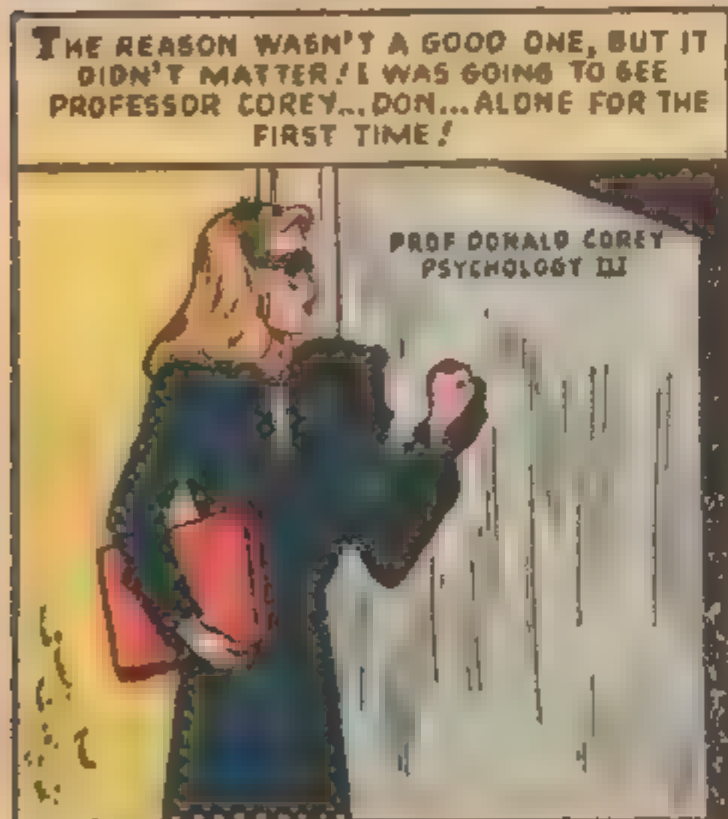


WOULD YOU AGREE, MISS?
YOU--THE YOUNG LADY IN
THE CHECKED SUIT...

OH-OH! I'M SORRY,
PROFESSOR--I DIDN'T
HEAR THE QUESTION!

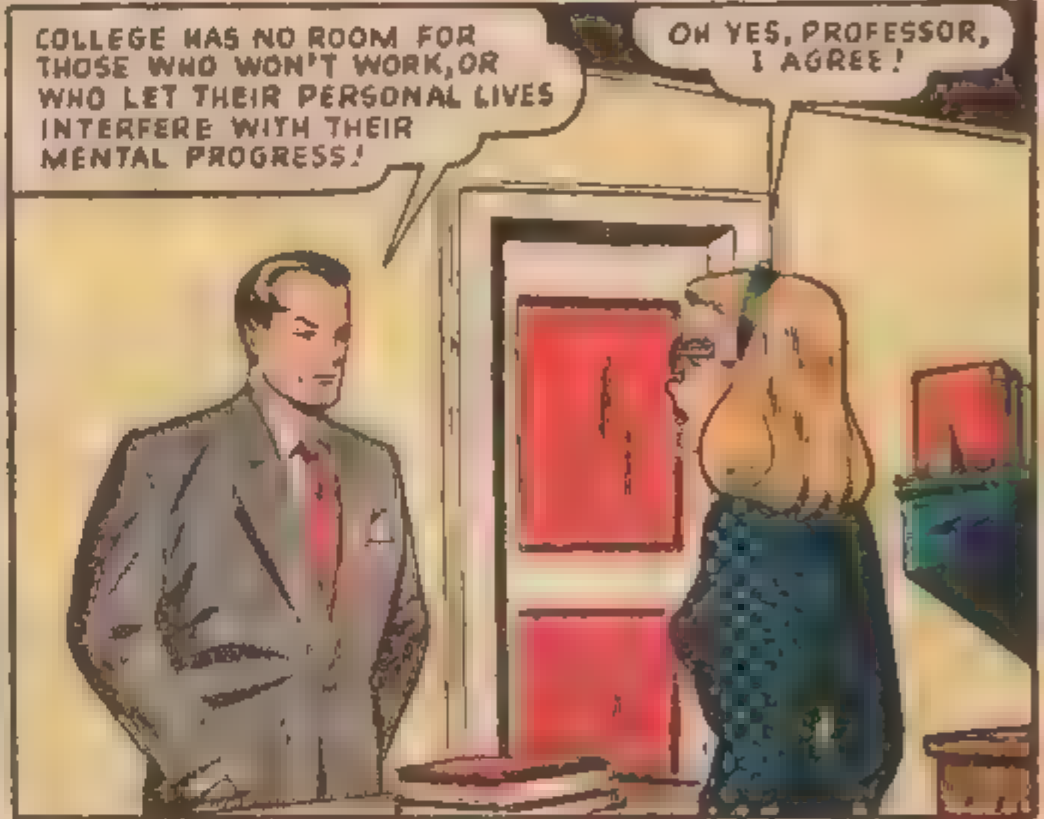


WOULD YOU BE GOOD ENOUGH TO STOP
IN MY OFFICE ABOUT FOUR,
YOUNG LADY?



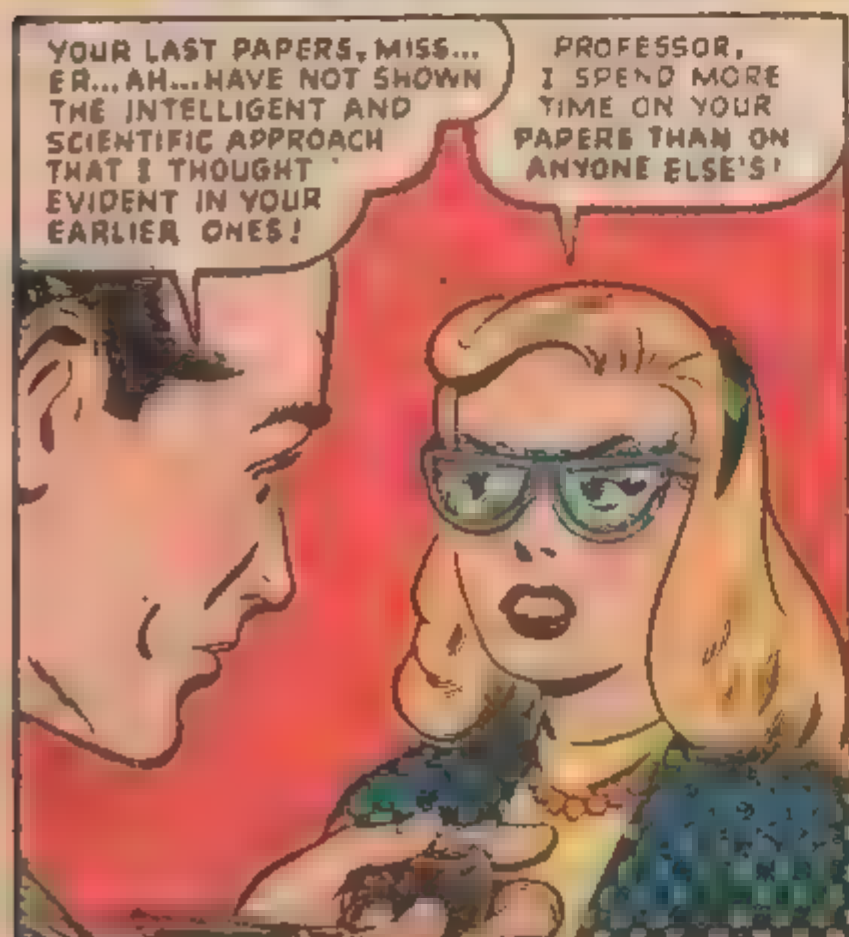
THE REASON WASN'T A GOOD ONE, BUT IT
DIDN'T MATTER! I WAS GOING TO SEE
PROFESSOR COREY...DON...ALONE FOR THE
FIRST TIME!

PROF DONALD COREY
PSYCHOLOGY III



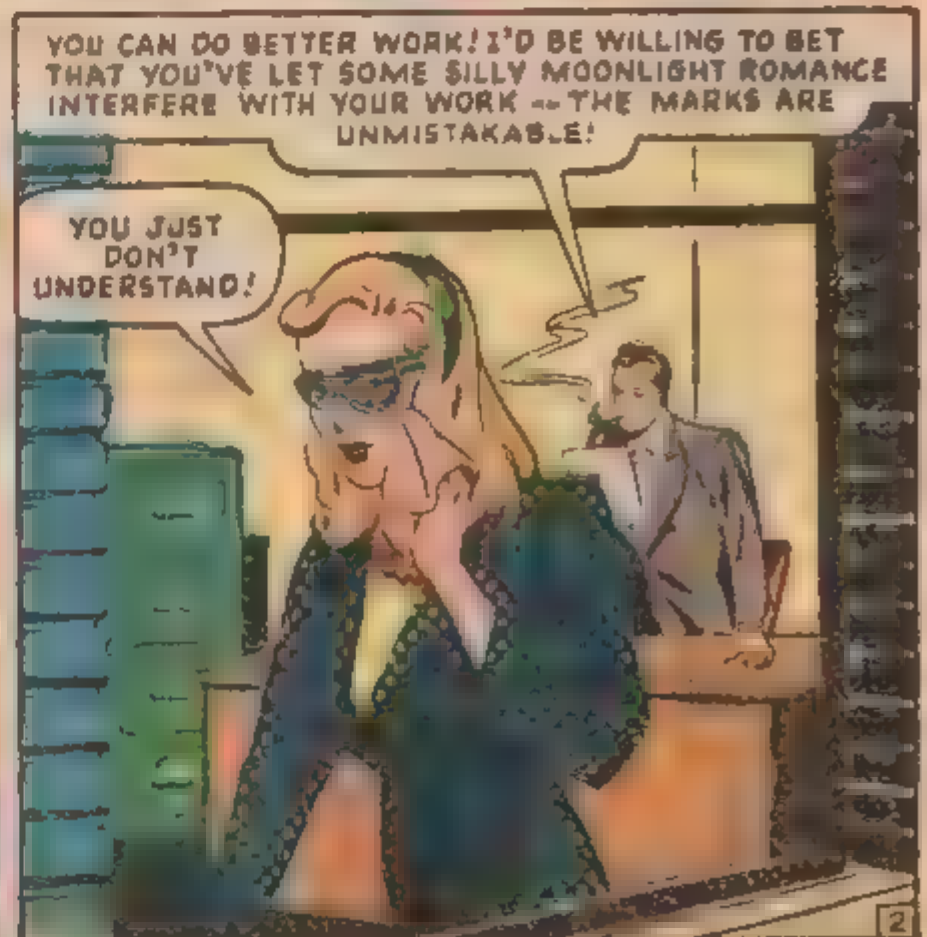
COLLEGE HAS NO ROOM FOR
THOSE WHO WON'T WORK, OR
WHO LET THEIR PERSONAL LIVES
INTERFERE WITH THEIR
MENTAL PROGRESS!

OH YES, PROFESSOR,
I AGREE!



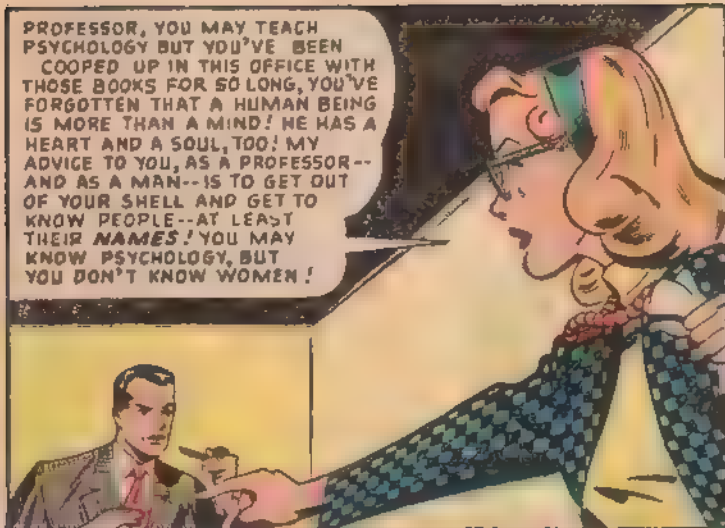
YOUR LAST PAPERS, MISS...
ER...AH...HAVE NOT SHOWN
THE INTELLIGENT AND
SCIENTIFIC APPROACH
THAT I THOUGHT
EVIDENT IN YOUR
EARLIER ONES!

PROFESSOR,
I SPEND MORE
TIME ON YOUR
PAPERS THAN ON
ANYONE ELSE'S!

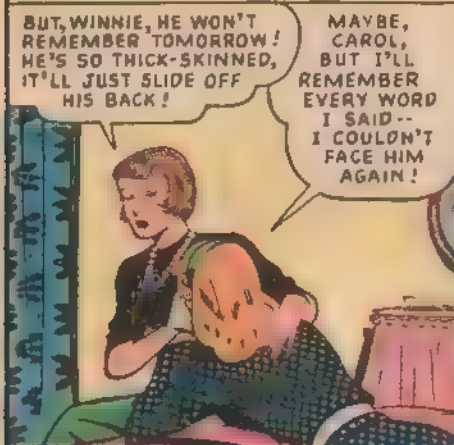


YOU CAN DO BETTER WORK! I'D BE WILLING TO BET
THAT YOU'VE LET SOME SILLY MOONLIGHT ROMANCE
INTERFERE WITH YOUR WORK--THE MARKS ARE
UNMISTAKABLE!

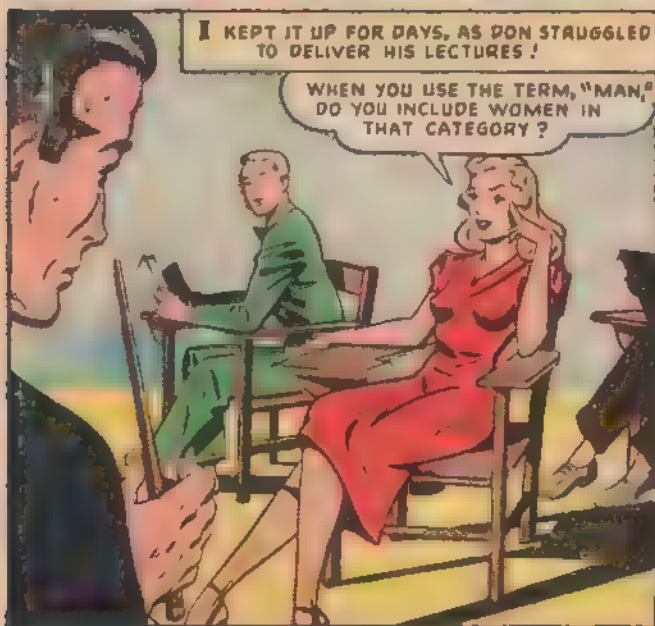
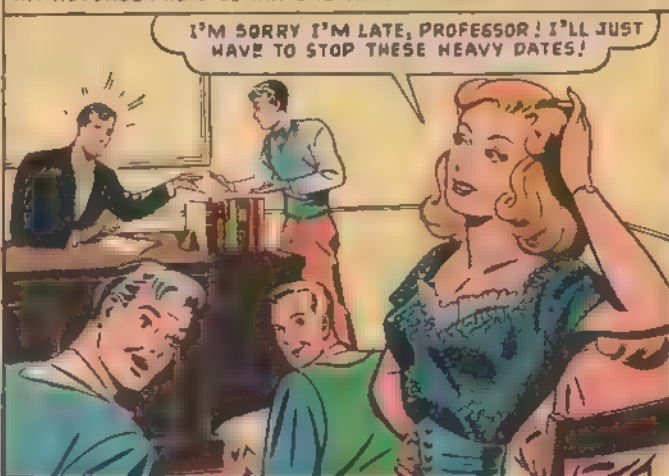
YOU JUST
DON'T
UNDERSTAND!



I'D BEEN A FOOL! I KNEW NOW THAT I COULD NEVER WIN THE RESPECT, MUCH LESS THE LOVE, OF A MAN LIKE DON... AFTER THAT OUTBURST! I COULDN'T SEE RETURNING TO CLASS NEXT DAY OR EVER!



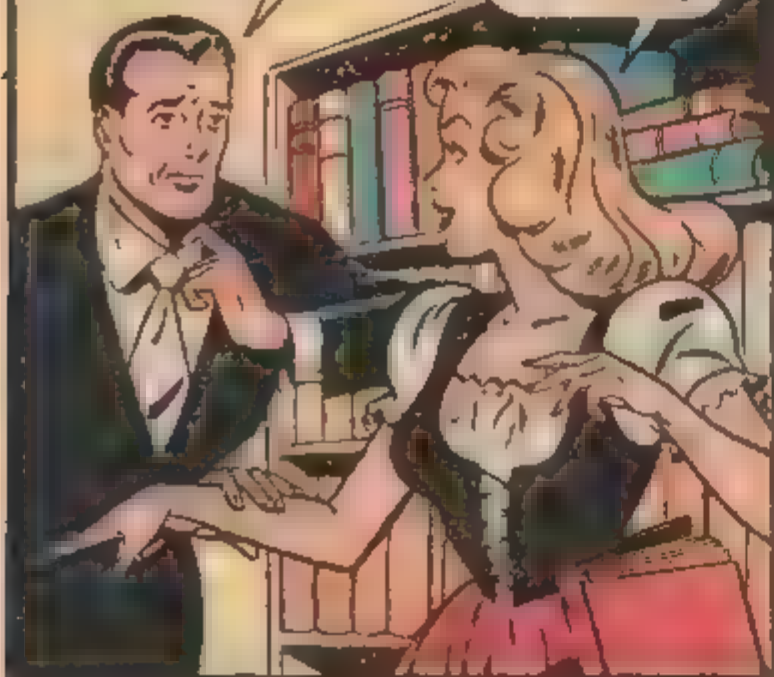
BY MORNING, CAROL HAD CONVINCED ME, AND I WAS BEGINNING TO FEEL PLEASED WITH EVERY WORD I'D SAID! I REALIZED DON WAS A LOST CAUSE AND, LIKE A WOMAN, I WAS GOING TO TAKE MY REVENGE! HE'D LEARN ONE THING ANYWAY-- MY NAME!



I HAD DONE MY WORK--HE KNEW MY NAME NOW! BUT I WAS NOT PREPARED FOR WHAT TOOK PLACE THE NEXT DAY...

MISS MASON, EXCUSE ME! I... ER... ISN'T THERE A SQUARE DANCE BEING HELD IN THE GYM NOW? I... ER... I'VE BEEN THINKING OF WHAT YOU SAID AND I... ER... WONDERED...

WHY, PROFESSOR! LET'S GO!



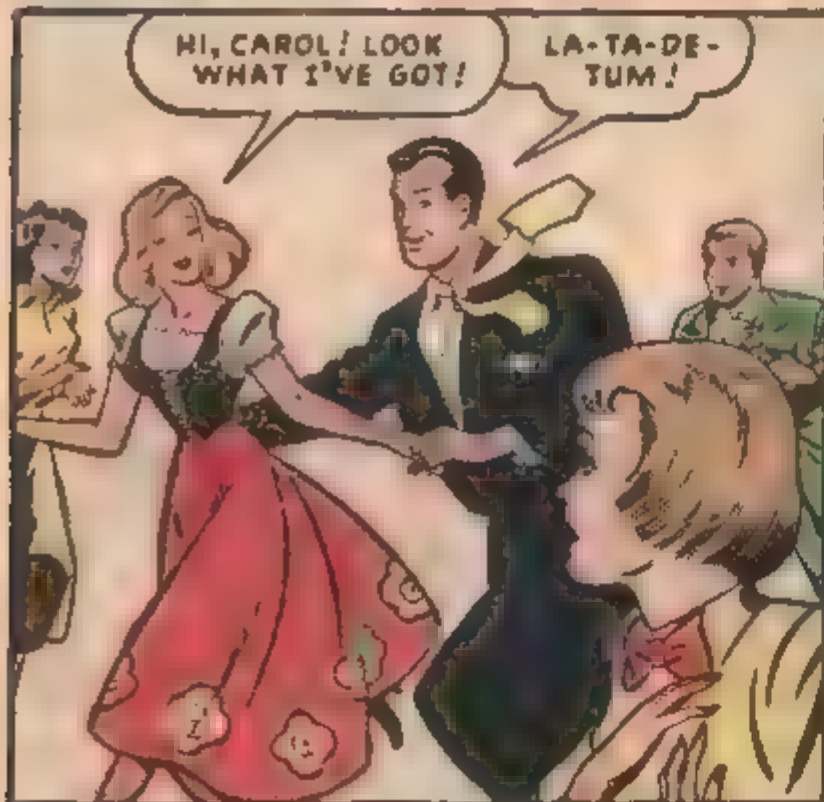
SAAAY--YOU'RE PRETTY GOOD!

I RATHER LIKE THIS!



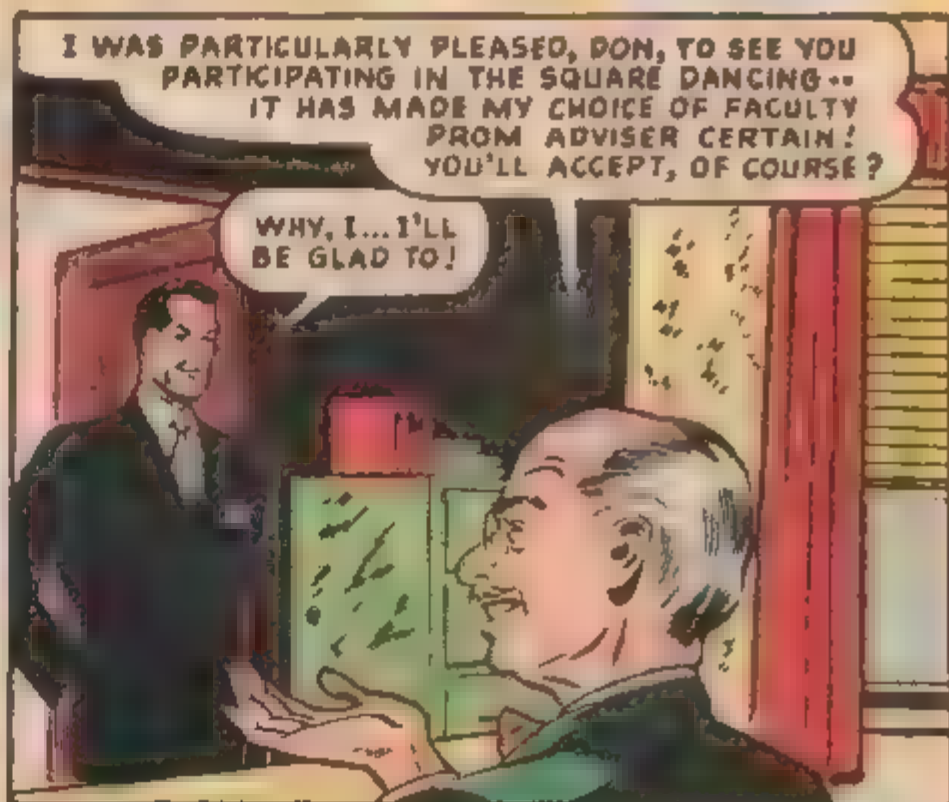
HI, CAROL! LOOK WHAT I'VE GOT!

LA-TA-DE-TUM!



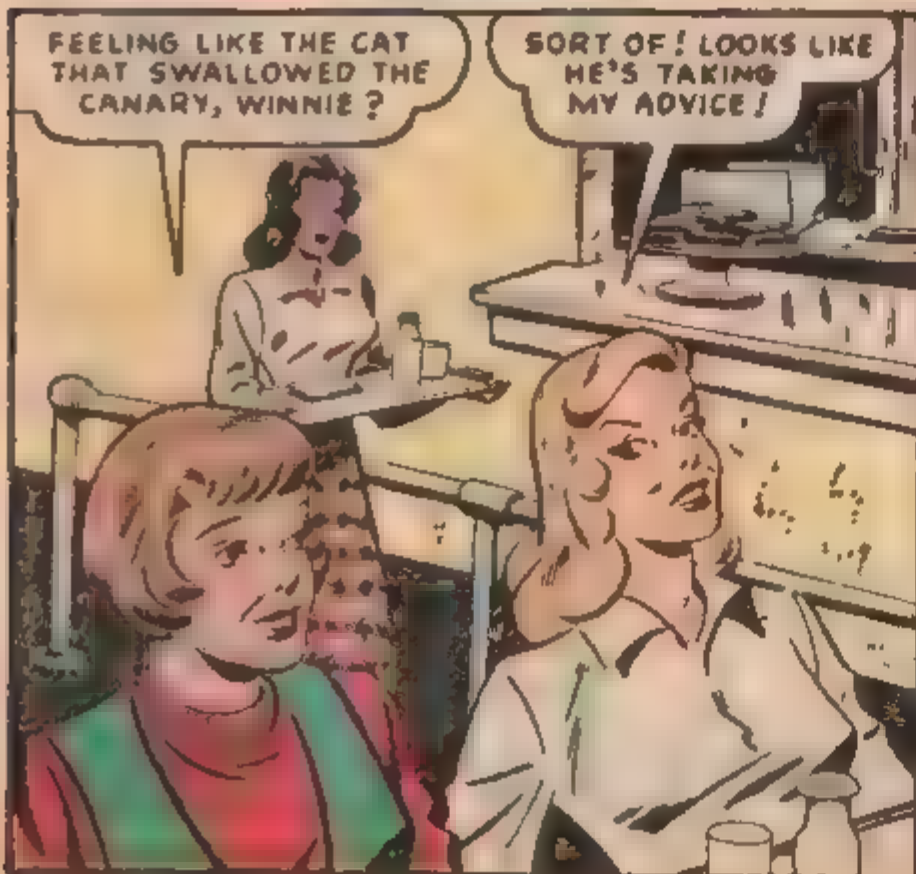
I WAS PARTICULARLY PLEASED, DON, TO SEE YOU PARTICIPATING IN THE SQUARE DANCING-- IT HAS MADE MY CHOICE OF FACULTY FROM ADVISER CERTAIN! YOU'LL ACCEPT, OF COURSE?

WHY, I... I'LL BE GLAD TO!



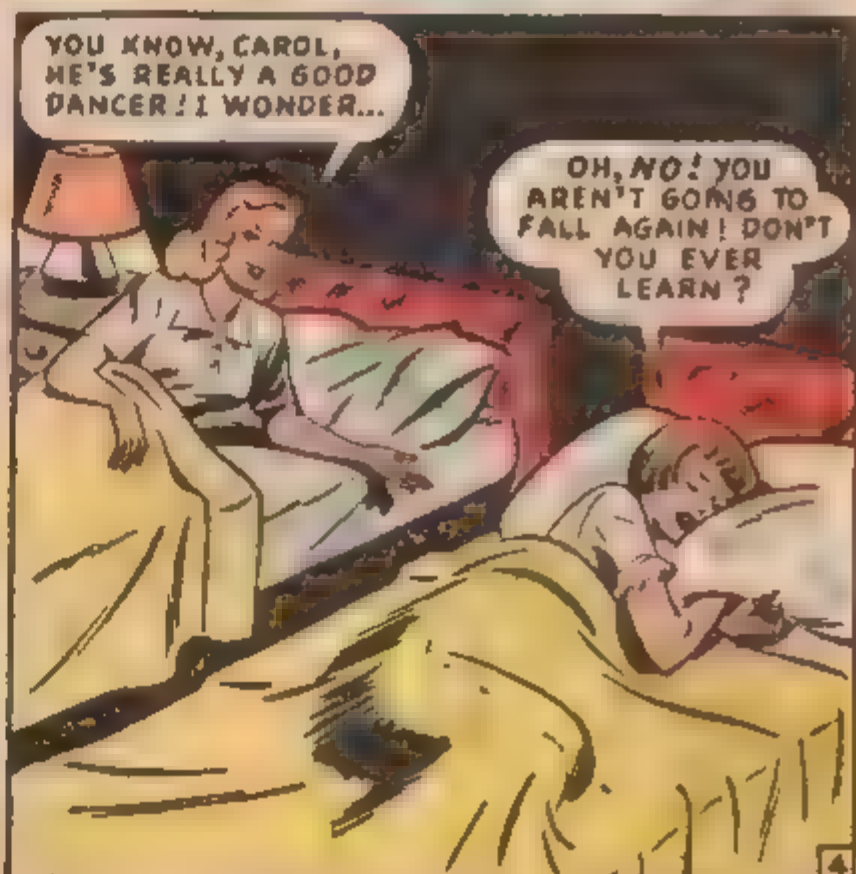
FEELING LIKE THE CAT THAT SWALLOWED THE CANARY, WINNIE?

SORT OF! LOOKS LIKE HE'S TAKING MY ADVICE!



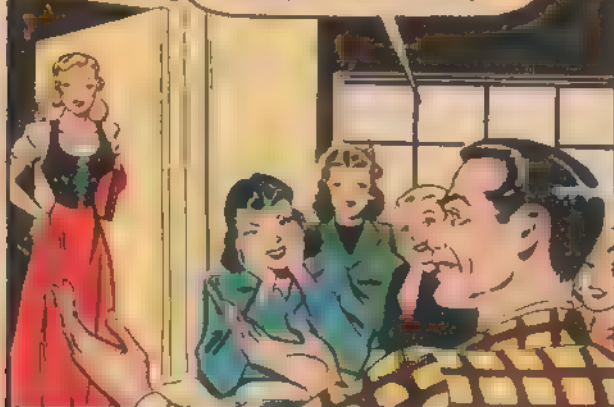
YOU KNOW, CAROL, HE'S REALLY A GOOD DANCER! I WONDER...

OH, NO! YOU AREN'T GOING TO FALL AGAIN! DON'T YOU EVER LEARN?

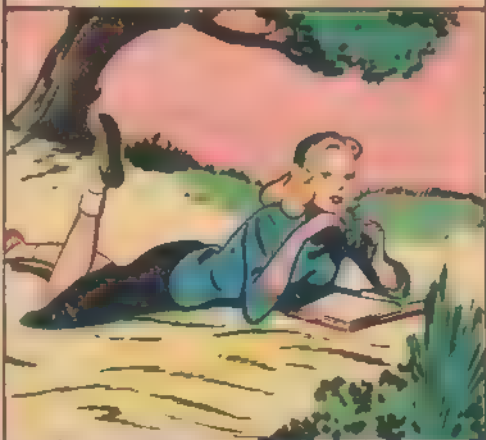


MY CAMPAIGN CERTAINLY WAS WORKING--EVERY GIRL IN THE CLASS WAS GA GA OVER PROFESSOR COREY!

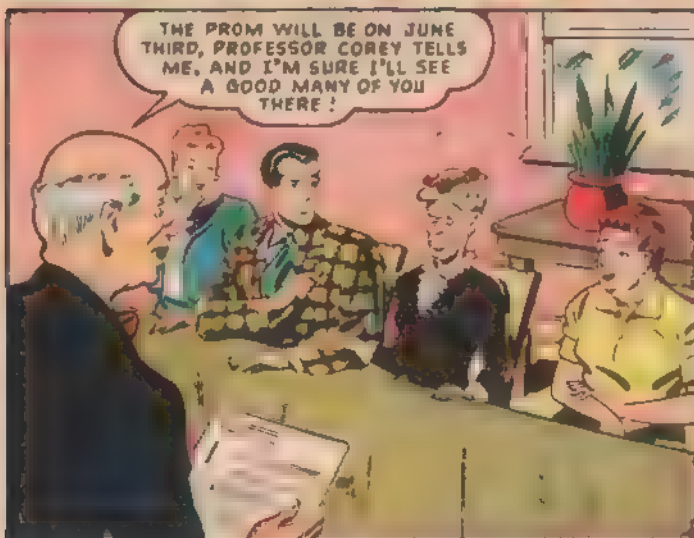
I REALIZE THAT SOUNDS FUNNY, BUT IT IS THE TYPICAL REACTION OF THE SPECIES KNOWN AS THE "STUFFED SHIRT"--AS YOU REFER TO HIM!



AS THE WARM DAYS OF SPRING ARRIVED, I REALIZED I WAS WEARY OF THE GAME I'D BEEN PLAYING WITH DON! I WAS BACK WHERE I STARTED--STILL IN LOVE AND THE SCORE, STILL LOVE--NOTHING!



THE PROM WILL BE ON JUNE THIRD, PROFESSOR COREY TELLS ME, AND I'M SURE I'LL SEE A GOOD MANY OF YOU THERE!



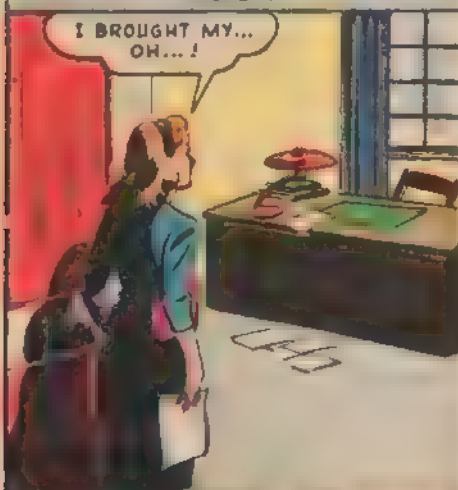
I WAS CERTAINLY UNAWARE OF THE PROBLEM BESETTING DON, AS THE SAME WARM SPRING SUN STOLE INTO HIS OFFICE!

I'VE GOT TO TAKE SOMEONE!



I HAD FINISHED MY TERM PAPER AND HAD BROUGHT IT IN FOR A FINAL CONFERENCE! BUT DON, USUALLY SO PUNCTUAL, WAS NOT THERE...

I BROUGHT MY... OH...!

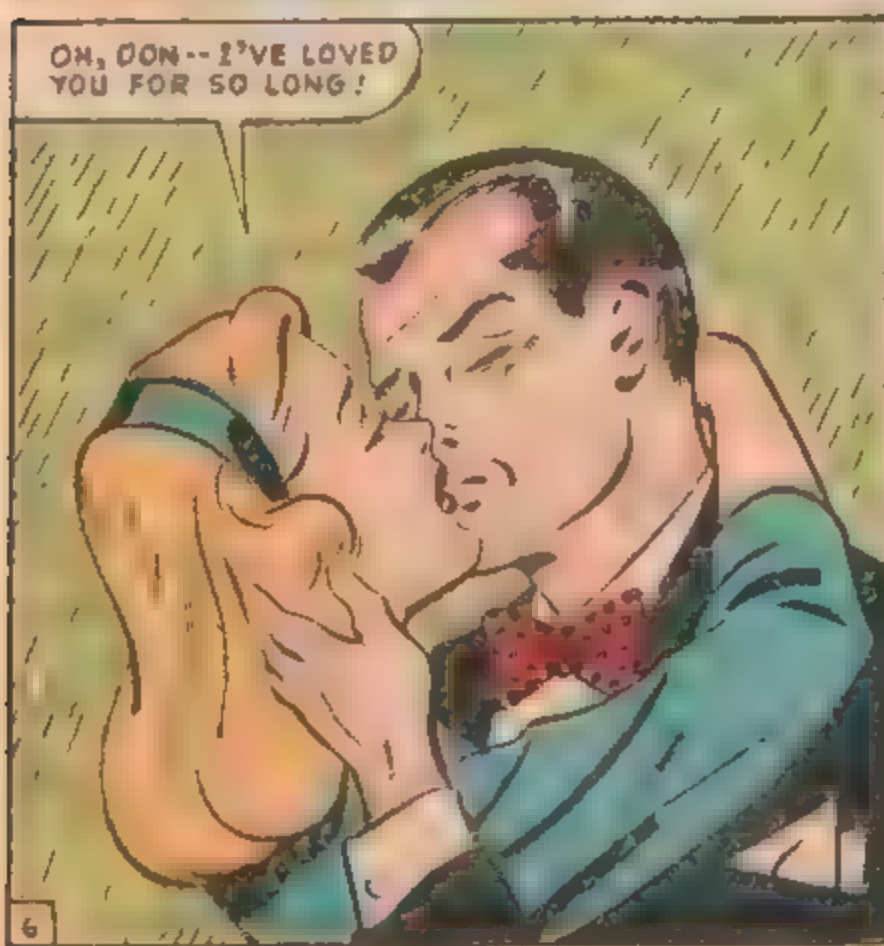
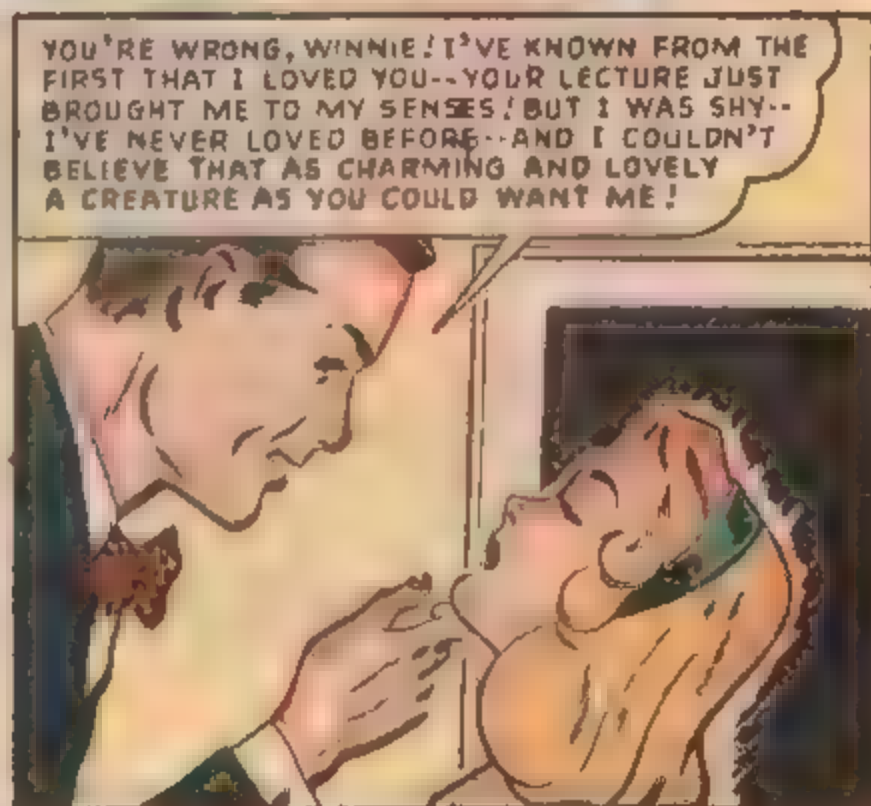
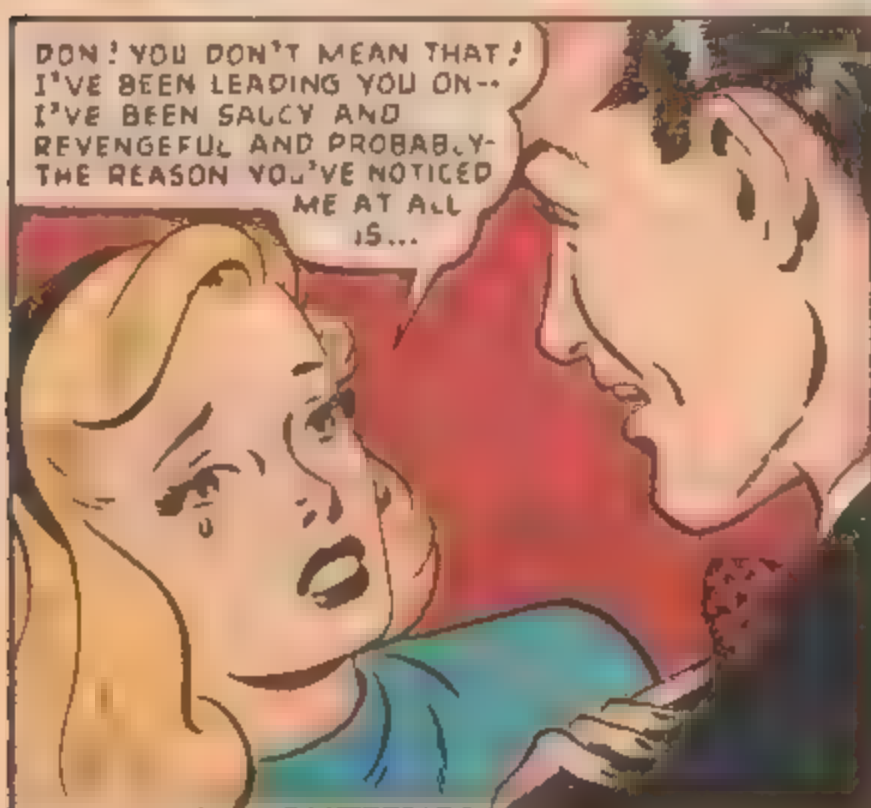
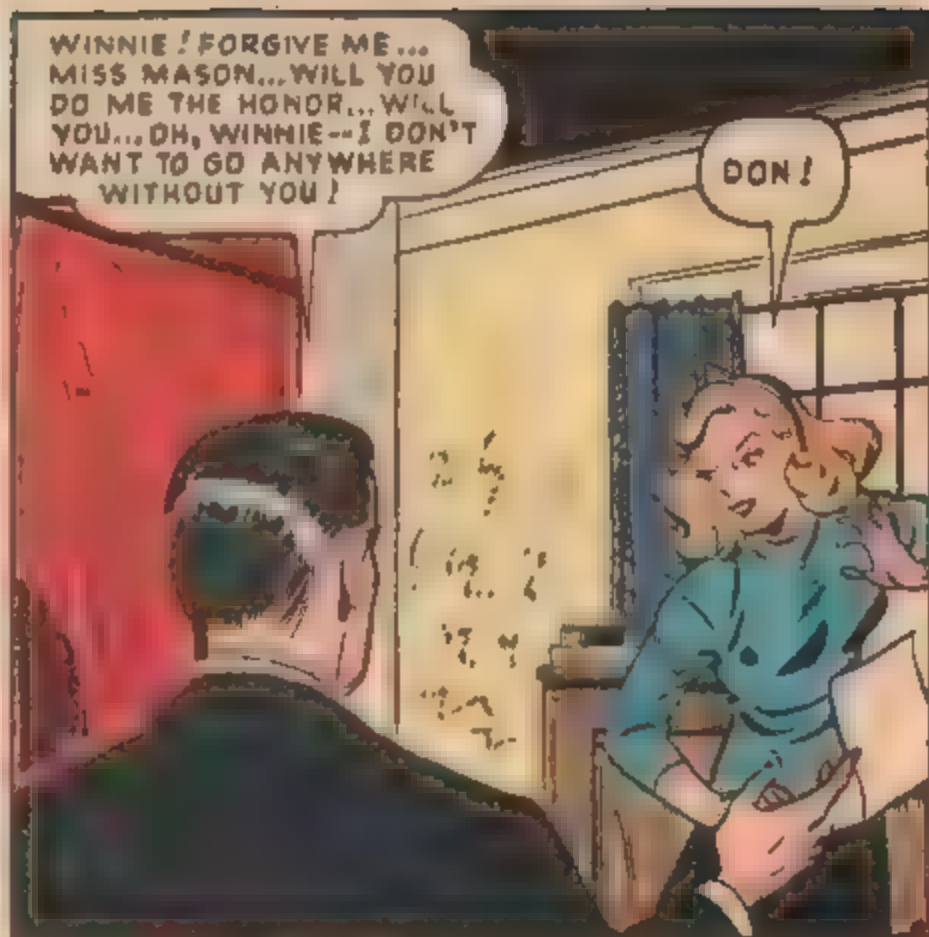
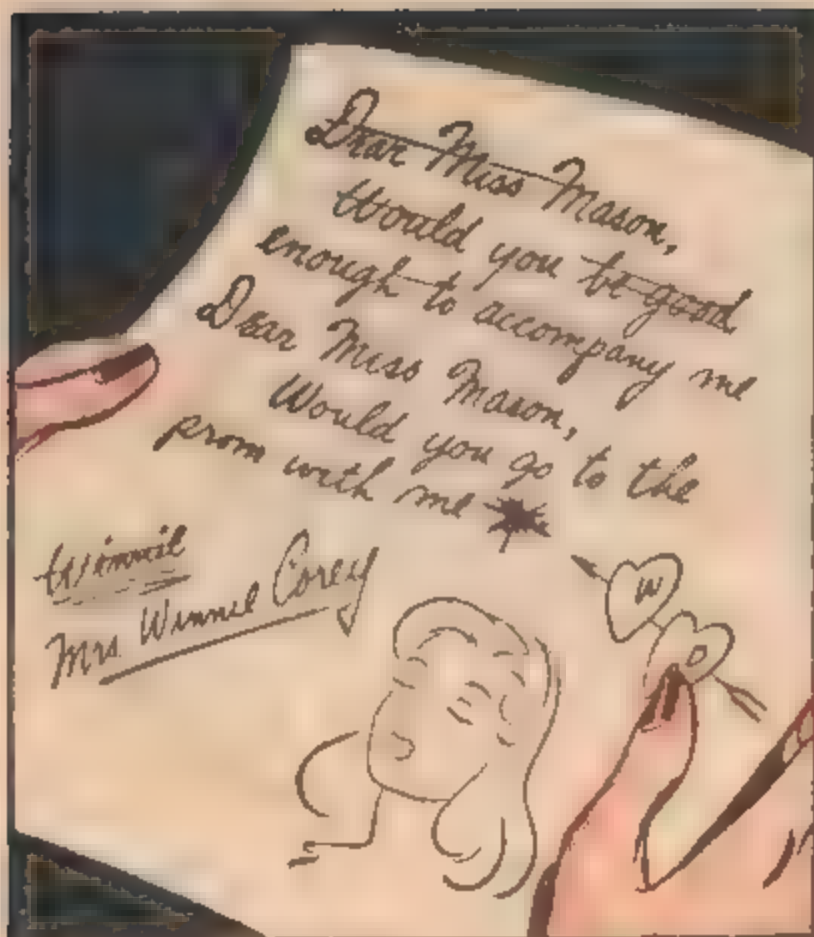


WHILE WAITING FOR DON TO RETURN, I DECIDED TO TIDY UP THE STUDY A BIT!

OH, NO! NOT AFTER ALL THESE MONTHS...OH, DON!



BE A MODERN '49er — BUY UNITED STATES SAVINGS BONDS



"Gramps doesn't think it was dignified," Tess confessed. "I told him what a good salesman you are, Archie, but Gramps said he didn't have an opening for a skunk salesman in his office."

"The policeman's wife objected to Tizzy and Dizzy, so I've got them back. How would you like them, Tess?" Archie offered generously.

"Archie," said Tess in a panic, "you know I've got all I can manage with Gramps!"

"Okay. I'll take them over to the city zoo. They are just kits and too small to turn loose in the woods. How about biking over there with me this afternoon?"

So Tess and Archie, with Tizzy and Dizzy in their box in Archie's carrier, started off for the zoo. As they neared the entrance to the country club grounds, Tess said, "Let's stop for a coke, Archie."

They pedaled down the driveway and parked their bikes against the club house, then headed for the large room where some of the club members were having tea. Tess stopped in the doorway. "There's Gramps and Judge Bims over at the counter, Archie. Perhaps I had better wait here on the veranda."

Tess perched on the railing and watched Archie's orange crew cut grow dimmer and dimmer as he sauntered down the big room. She saw the two men, arguing as usual, get up from their chairs and head toward Archie. Tess giggled as she saw Archie, who must have considered the pair too much for him, step discreetly into the doorway leading to the lockers. He waited for them to pass. But Stillwater Briton and Judge Bims had reached the stage where they had to stand and shout at each other. The other members ignored them, but both Tess and Archie listened with interest to what they were saying.

The Judge waved his big black cigar in Gramps' face to emphasize his remarks. "I tell you, Stillwater, as president of this club, you should investigate the fire precautions. This building is a death trap!"

"Nonsense. It's perfectly safe," Gramps sneered

"Bosh, Stillwater, nothing but windows. It would take far too long to empty this building."

"You could get everybody out of here in *one minute!*" insisted Stillwater Briton. "And I'll back that with hard cash."

"You're shrewd, Stillwater. You know nothing but a fire will prove you wrong."

Tess saw Archie step out beside the two men. Oh, why didn't he keep out of Gramps' way, she thought, especially now that Judge Bims had him all stirred up over the old argument? She heard Archie apologize for interrupting and ask, "If I demonstrate how the club house can be emptied in less than one minute, will I get the money?"

Stillwater Briton stared stonily at Archie, but Judge Bims was anxious to prove his point. "Go to it, my boy. Use anything but fire," the Judge urged.

Archie turned and sauntered back toward Tess. She followed him over to their bikes. "Oh, Archie, what are you going to do?"

Archie winked as he lifted the box containing Tizzy and Dizzy from his carrier. "Oh, no, Archie," she gasped.

"Oh, yes, Tess," he mimicked. "Your Gramps said money in the bank, and this'll put it there.

Besides, the little fellows are only kits and won't do any harm. You'd better wait for me outside the gate. Your grandfather, I expect, is going to be a bit riled."

Before Tess could protest, Archie had disappeared into the club house with Tizzy and Dizzy.

Inside the club house, Archie knelt and cautiously released Tizzy and Dizzy. The black and white kits looked harmless enough, but a dozen snarling, blood-thirsty jaguars couldn't have had a more profound effect on the club members,

Screaming and swearing, the entire contents of the club were emptied onto the lawns. In half the time Stillwater Briton had stated, Archie was left

"Oh, no, Archie!" Tess gasped as she saw him take Tizzy and Dizzy out of their box.



"I was right when I told you to stay away from that precocious carrot top!" Gramps roared.



in sole possession of the club house, sharing the space with Tizzy and Dizzy and their distinctive aroma. The kittens had grown in the past few days (a small matter Archie had overlooked), and had come into their full heritage!

Two days later Archie was still in disgrace. He had to phone Tess, for she wasn't even allowed to meet him in the drugstore.

"What's the matter with Gramps now?" demanded Archie. "He should be glad I proved him right and Judge Bims wrong."

"Gramps objects strenuously to the manner in which it was done," said Tess dully. "And he's furious that he was the one who had to pay you . . . and when I remind him that you're only obeying his orders, he breaks the furniture in little pieces. Oh, Archie, I don't see how you'll ever get off his black list."

Archie thought a moment, then said, "Well, tell him to cheer up, because now I haven't any money."

"What happened, Archie?" wailed Tess.

"My beloved cousin, Jiffy, heard I had some cash and considerately talked me out of it. He wanted to leave right away for a job up north, so he sold me his strip of land out near the golf course. Mother suggested that I camp out there until the perfume leaves my T-shirts, so get the gang together tonight, Tess, and come on out for a wiener roast."

"Okay, Archie," Tess replied. "But remember, Gramps is really sizzling this time, so start scheming again. We're bound to hit one of these times."

"I guess I'm going to have more trouble than I expected," Archie moaned. "Your grandfather and the town's capitalists seem to think I lack that sober touch necessary to keeping a job."

"I told Gramps that his behavior is positively prehistoric, but it doesn't seem to worry him," said Tess.

"Don't worry, honey," Archie consoled her. "I'll have nothing but time while I'm out in the wilderness, so I'll think of something."

"We've just got to get to that dance together," Tess said sincerely. "And there'll be no living with Gramps if we don't prove that this is a free country and the best man wins."

"Aw, Tess," Archie sighed.

Tess' opinions on living in a tree country were very low that evening when she found herself on the club house veranda with Gramps and Judge

Bims. As sounds of laughter from Archie's wiener roast floated across the greens to Tess' ears, she grew sadder and madder at Gramps for forbidding her to go. The older generation, however, did not share Tess' tension.

Judge Bims, at that moment, was stating smugly, "Our country club is as well managed, as beautiful and as well situated as any club in the country!" He paused to sniff the air. A little west wind was blowing gently toward the club house.

Conversation slowly petered out as the air gradually became tainted with a strong aroma . . . of skunk!

The club house, with its windows tightly closed, was unbearably hot, and the conversation was heated, too. Stillwater Briton, as president of the club, was receiving the blame. And Tess was slowly giving in to the thought that she'd never see Archie again . . .

The next day, Stillwater Briton saw his duty clearly and set off for Archie's lair. As he approached the end of the golf course, Briton saw Archie nonchalantly washing a pair of socks. Briton cleared his throat significantly. "Good morning, Archie."

"Good morning," said Archie and went on rubbing a sock.

"Came over to have a little talk with you, Archie, my boy," said Gramps as he looked around the small clearing for a place to sit. Seeing nothing higher than the ground, he lowered himself carefully in the shade of a big spruce tree. "Cozy spot here, but a bit primitive."

"Does Tess think the same way, or have you forbidden her to come out to see me?" demanded Archie, squeezing his sock vigorously.

Stillwater ignored the subject of Tess. "About this land, Archie. I hear Jiffy sold it to you. The club members are a bit perturbed that Jiffy didn't give them the first offer. They have always wanted this piece to add to the gardens. So they are prepared to give you a good price for it."

"No thanks. It's not for sale," said Archie, still rubbing the same sock.

Tess' grandfather undid the top button of his sport shirt and mentally counted to thirty-five. "I know it's nice to be a landowner, Archie, so we will be satisfied if you'll let us pay for an agreement that you won't raise skunks here."

"Skunks?" said Archie, lifting his orange eyebrows.

"Skunks," Stillwater said, gradually losing control of his voice. "When the wind blows from the west, your skunks make the club house uninhabitable!" He drew out a silk handkerchief and mopped his brow with fierce strokes.

"My skunks, eh?" murmured Archie thoughtfully. "Tell you what, Mr. Briton. I won't sell you the land—but for twice the amount you offered, I'll sign an agreement not to go into skunk raising. They make cute pets, you know."

Stillwater shuddered. "It's a holdup!" he shouted. "You're just out to make money so you can see Tess!"

"It's your idea," reminded Archie. "I was quite happy to get along on my allowance. You're the one that's making me into a Shylock."

"Well, you young upstart, you aren't getting that much out of me!" Stillwater muttered, and stamped away. But the farther he got from Archie's flaming cranium, the closer he was to the waiting committee at the club house. If he didn't obliterate this boy-menace to the country club, he would be ridiculed out of office and Judge Bims would be the next president.

Archie was casually hanging a sock on a willow bush when Stillwater Briton returned. "Come up to my office tomorrow morning and we'll settle this matter," he growled. "But remember, you still have to get a job, and a good one. None of this caddyng or grass cutting."

As Stillwater Briton disappeared down the pathway, Archie let out a war whoop and threw his last sock high into the air . . .

He phoned Tess as soon as he reached town. "What color is your new dress, Tess?" he asked. "My wallet is weighed down with posey money, and Friday is the night we declare our independence."

"White," laughed Tess, overlooking his casual reference to the dream of white tulle anchored in her wardrobe. "Oh, Archie, who is your boss?"

"He doesn't know it yet, but Mr. Stillwater Briton is my future employer!"

"I hope he agrees," said Tess doubtfully, "but I already suggested he do just that, and he rejected the idea."

"To change one's mind is the hallmark of the great. Tess my lass. First thing in the morning Gramps is having greatness thrust upon him. Coming to see the show?"

"Sure," said Tess. But during the night she set her brainpan simmering, and when she met Archie the next morning she gave him the benefit of her thoughts. "I'd better let you tackle Gramps alone. He'll think I'm there to influence him and he'll get stubborn. Besides, he doesn't like women interfering in business."

"He's right," said Archie, pretending pompousness. "We'll settle this man to man."

As they walked into Stillwater Briton's imposing office, Archie felt like a blood brother to an earthworm. He wasn't so sure his plan would work—but Tess was counting on that dance, and he had already paid for the rose corsage that Tess

would wear as a red splash of victory on her white dress. Besides, as Tess said, it was high time he was a welcome guest in her grandfather's home.

Archie squared his shoulders.

Tess spoke. "Get in there and fight, Arch!"

"Don't worry, Tess old sock," he said as he marched into Stillwater Briton's private office.

Wordlessly, Gramps showed Archie the agreement. He signed it and pocketed the accompanying check.

"I hope I've heard the last of skunks," said Stillwater, looking severely at Archie. "From now on, we must have peace at the country club."

"I won't interfere with you at the club, Mr. Briton," said Archie politely. "I'll only be out there after school each day for a short time . . ." Archie paused to stifle a yawn. ". . . Just long enough to feed the pigs I'm planning to raise."

Stillwater Briton's hulking frame rose from the chair. "You just signed an agreement you—you," Stillwater paused, mentally editing his language. "You lanky teen-ager," he snarled.

"There is nothing in our contract about pigs," Archie pointed out. "Of course if you gave me a job for the summer, I wouldn't have time to look after a hundred or so little pigs."

"It's blackmail!" roared Stillwater Briton, trembling with indignation.

"It's business," defended Archie. "My land lies on the outskirts of the town, and I can raise pigs on it if I want to."

Stillwater Briton shuddered at the thought of a west wind blowing toward the club house from the direction of a pig ranch. He looked Archie over carefully. Well, the boy certainly got what he went after, he thought grudgingly. Had more get up and go than any of Tess' other friends.

"All right, I'll give you a job, but remember—you can't use that piece of land everytime you and Tess want something!"

"Thanks, Mr. Briton," said Archie happily. "And if you draw up a bill of sale you can have the land for the price I paid Jiffy. We all might as well be happy."

When Archie came out of the office, Tess was almost in a state of collapse. "Did you get a job, Archie?"

"Sure," said Archie, putting his arm across Tess' shoulders and steering her out of the office. "Gramps is paying me to look after you and to stay away from his office. He couldn't think of anything tougher, I guess."

"Gramps is a good scout," said Tess warmly, "for all his quaint notions. I hope he'll be happy now that the club has your bit of land."

Archie slowly scratched his orange dome. "Tess, should I go back and tell him that we took Tizzy and Dizzy over to the city zoo right after they cleared the club house? That any skunks prowling around out there are strangers to us?"

Tess glanced lovingly into Archie's bright blue eyes and laughed.

"Come along, wayward one. Gramps is all for a person solving his own problems, and we'll let him discover that one for himself!"

THE END

FOOD FOR FUN

CAKE, COMING UP! . . .

Everybody's supposed to bring something to that club party, and you just can't think of a *thing* . . . Well, cheer up. Here's a party-brightener if there ever was one. And simple enough to make yourself.

Just beat the yolks of 5 eggs and add to them a cup of sugar and a cup of melted butter. Sift $1\frac{3}{4}$ cups flour with $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt and 4 teaspoons baking powder. Add gradually to the egg mixture, alternating with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of milk.

Flour lightly a cup of raisins and $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped citron and add them to the cake mixture, blending well. Last, fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites and turn the batter into a greased loaf pan. Bake in a moderate oven for 50 to 60 minutes—until a straw comes out clean.

No icing needed—and it goes great with anything from spiced punch to just plain milk.

STUFFED APPLES . . .

If you live in or near the country, this dish will be easy for you to assemble.

First, brown one pound of highly-seasoned country sausage meat in a skillet. Then add enough fresh bread crumbs to absorb the fat.

Core—but do not peel—six or seven apples. Stuff them with sausage and bake in a moderate oven for forty minutes.

Stuffed apples are delicious when made outside over an open fire, too.

SALAD ROUNDUP . . .

Here are a few refreshing ideas for your salad plates.

Beet Salad: Boil the beets and slip off their skins. Slice beets while they are still hot, and soak them in a bowl containing one part of vinegar to one part of water, and a dash of salt. Chill the beets before serving them with lettuce, cold sliced meat and a few caraway seeds.

Tomato Salad: Chill sliced ripe tomatoes in a bowl containing salad oil, salt, black pepper, vinegar and basil. This will give the tomatoes a delightfully fresh flavor.

Tomato-Roquefort Salad: Stuff tomatoes with Roquefort cheese mixed with mayonnaise and chopped chives. Serve with French dressing.

CREME CHOCOLAT . . .

To make this delicious French chocolate custard, scald a pint of milk and add $\frac{1}{2}$ of a pound of grated chocolate. Cook, stirring constantly, until the chocolate is melted and the mixture reaches a boiling point.

Beat six egg yolks light and slowly pour the boiling chocolate over them. Stir thoroughly for several minutes, then strain with a fine sieve (to remove any lumps that might have formed).

Fill small French custard cups with the chocolate, chill well, and serve with a swirl of whipped cream.

MACARONI LOUISIANE . . .

From the Cajun country, down south in Louisiana, comes this different way to prepare macaroni.

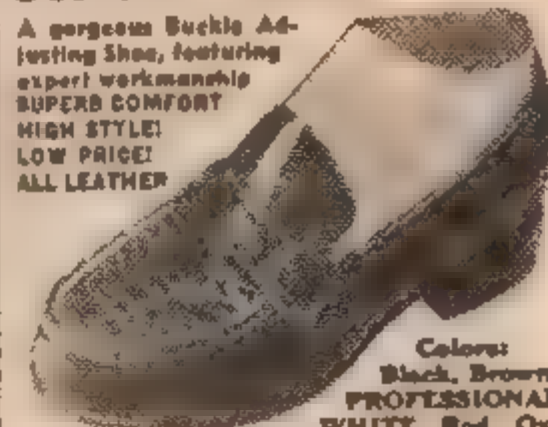
Boil the macaroni until it is tender. Drain, and season with salt and pepper.

Into a frying pan put one tablespoon of butter and one tablespoon of flour. Add six fresh tomatoes which have been chopped finely, and be sure to add their juice, too. Stir well and bring to a boiling point. Mix the macaroni in carefully, so as not to break the lengths, and bring to a boil once again.

Serve hot to happy diners.

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STEP UP! PEP UP! BONNY LASS!
HERE IS SPRING AS BRIGHT AS BRASS
AND IT'S TIME TO CONTACT YOUR LOOKING GLASS!

HOW'S YOUR HAIR, AND SKIN, AND EYES?
COME ON . . . ABANDON THOSE WINTRY ALIBIS
AND GROOM YOURSELF TILL . . . DAZZLING, YOU ARISE!

•Spring Check-Up•

HERE'S A GUIDE FOR YOU TO FOLLOW
(JUST IN CASE YOU'RE FEELING HOL-
LOW). BRUSH UP ON THESE POINTS TO
GET YOUR FELLOW (AND IN NO TIME
AT ALL YOU'LL BE FEELING MELLOW)!

1. Do you take a daily bath or shower?
2. Is your hair as fragrant as a flower?
3. Brush your teeth twice every day?
4. Do you put your clothes away?
5. Are your fingernails clean and white?
6. Do you get enough sleep at night?
7. Are the heels of your daily shoes run down?
8. Is your expression a perpetual frown?
9. Are your skirts always brushed and pressed?
10. Do you take enough time to be neatly dressed?

•Hear Ye! Hear Ye!

LEND YOUR SHELL-LIKE EAR TO OUR
COMMENTS ON CHARM, BY INDICAT-
ING "TRUE" OR "FALSE" BESIDE THE
STATEMENTS IN THIS QUIZ, YOU MAY
PICK UP A BEAUTY HINT OR TWO!

1. Witch hazel does the same job as an expensive skin freshener.
2. Sun-worshiping tends to dry out your skin and a lubricant should be used before exposure.
3. Borrowing Janie's comb is harmless.
4. A base coat makes nail polish last longer.
5. It's best to dress completely before applying makeup.
6. Raisins are a good substitute for candy—if you're trying to reduce.
7. Pencil-thin eyebrows make eyes look larger.
8. If you're trying to make your hair grow, it's advisable to have it trimmed often.
9. Clean powderpuffs are not required for a healthy complexion.
10. A thin coat of powder dusted on your lips before applying lipstick prevents "running."

•Tact Facts

ETIQUETTE INVOLVES MORE, MUCH
MORE, THAN KNOWING WHEN AND
WHY TO USE WHICH FORK. PLACE
YOURSELF IN THE FOLLOWING SITUA-
TIONS AND CHECK THE ACTION YOU
USUALLY FOLLOW. WHEN YOU'RE FIN-
ISHED, LOOK AT THE ANSWERS TO SEE
IF YOU'RE FULLY "POSTED."

1. WHEN YOU ENTER THE SODA SHOP WITH A DATE, DO YOU . . .

- a. stare directly ahead as if lost in thought?
- b. smile and say 'hello' to all your friends?
- c. stop at the first booth to chat and ignore your date?

2. YOU'RE AT A DANCE WITH RELIABLE RALPH, AND A STAG YOU'VE BEEN TRY- ING TO IMPRESS FOR MONTHS GIVES YOU A RUSH. DO YOU . . .

- a. give Ralph a quick brush-off?
- b. flirt with him all evening behind Ralph's back?
- c. accept a few dances then return to Ralph?

3. SOMEBODY SUGGESTS BASEBALL AT THE CLASS PICNIC, AND YOU'VE NEVER PLAY- ED BEFORE. DO YOU . . .

- a. grit your teeth, try hard and laugh off errors?

- b. bulk on the sidelines?

- c. try to swing the activity to one you've mastered?

4. YOU'RE SETTLED FOR SATURDAY EVENING. THE MAN OF YOUR DREAMS BIDS YOU FOR THE SAME NIGHT. DO YOU . . .

- a. break your previous date?
- b. say you'll take a rain check?
- c. stand up your date and let your family make excuses?

5. IF YOU HAVE AN ESPECIALLY SUCCU- LENT BIT OF GOSSIP, DO YOU . . .

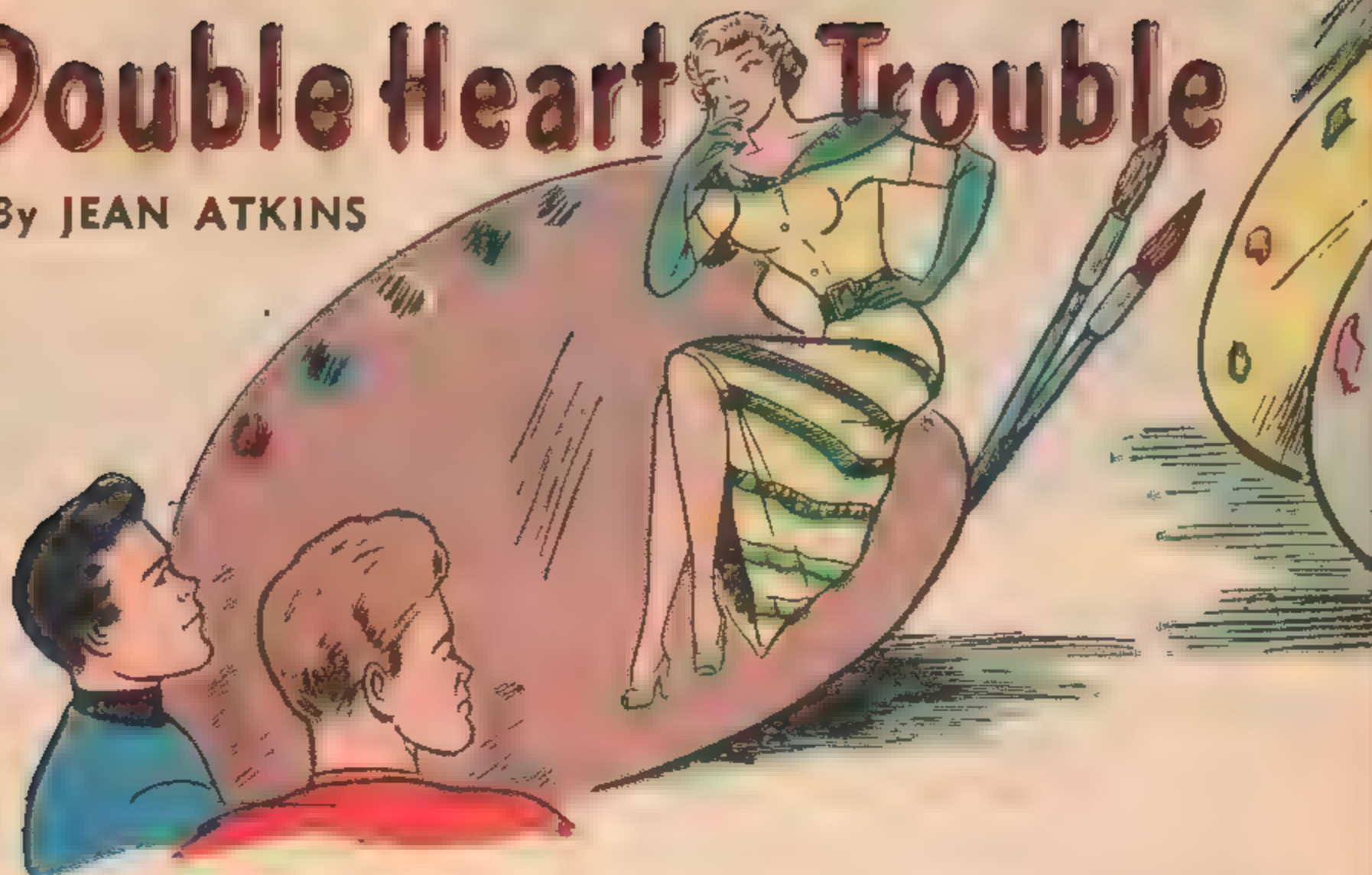
- a. keep clam and remember that no one is perfect?
- b. spread it as fast and furiously as possible?
- c. subtly intimate that you have some hot news about Sally and Marv, (without saying what it is in so many words) so that it can't be traced back to you?

6. THE PARTY'S OVER AND THERE'S WORK TO BE DONE. DO YOU . . .

- a. beat it, smiling smugly?
- b. dab ineffectively at the decorations for a few seconds, then head for brighter spots?
- c. pitch in and start the ball rolling so that everyone will be finished faster?

Double Heart Trouble

By JEAN ATKINS



I HADN'T finished unpacking my trunk when the phone rang.

"Candy?"

"Yes."

There was a slow, calm chuckle. "So you're home again!"

"Uh huh. Who is this?" I really didn't have to ask. From the voice I knew it could only be Mike—hulking, phlegmatic, kind-hearted Mike. Closing my eyes, I saw him as clearly as though he were standing before me, smiling his gentle smile, being sweet, and dull, as always. Quickly I opened my eyes. I didn't particularly want to see him.

His voice drawled, "So you don't recognize your childhood sweetheart!" It was one of Mike's whimsical pleasantries to refer to himself in such terms. I wouldn't have minded it so much, except for the fact that he wasn't kidding. He meant it!

Maybe I'm cynical about childhood romances. I guess it's because I've seen so many of them smash in my sixteen years that I can't take them seriously. That's kind of an involved sentence, but I guess you know what I mean. The point is, Mike didn't. Just because we thought a lot of each other when I was thirteen and he was fourteen, he seemed to think it was going to go on like that forever. But while I was away at school last year, I met Rodney! Now I was faced with the problem of convincing Mike that our old feeling was just kid stuff. And I never was good at solving problems.

"Oh, it's you, Mike," I said, not getting too excited. "How're things?"

"Looking up, now that you're back." Mike replied. "I expect to see a lot of you this summer."

Creeps! How does one answer that? "Er . . . I'll be around as usual," I hedged.

"Doing anything tonight?" Mike said bluntly.

"Well, as a matter of fact, I am."

"Hmm." There was a painful pause, then Mike said, "I'll call you tomorrow."

"Do that," I sighed, and hung up. Let tomorrow take care of itself. At least today I'd broken the ice.

I waited eagerly that evening for Rodney to arrive. For three months I'd been writing my parents from school, hinting about the dream man I'd met. Now I could show him off to the family and prove how right I'd been.

My meeting Rodney was a lovely, romantic chance. I'd enrolled in an art class at boarding school and Miss Plummer, the instructor, had insisted that we go out on field trips to sketch and paint. One day I'd set up my easel at the corner of a village street, and along came three cadets from the neighboring military academy. Two of them stopped to snicker. The third stopped to admire. That was Rodney!

When we discovered we both came from Green Rapids, well, that was the finishing touch. We knew a lot of the same people, we were mutually interested in art (though Rodney didn't paint), and during the rest of the term we were dated continually for hops and parties. Meanwhile, we looked forward to the summer vacation. Now it had come.

MIKE LOVES CANDY, AND CANDY LOVES RODNEY, AND RODNEY LOVES . . . WELL, EVERYTHING. AND THE TROUBLE IS — EVERYTHING ISN'T ENOUGH!

The doorbell buzzed.

"Rodney!"

"Candy!"

Rodney was dark and lean and handsome in his cadet uniform, and I felt proud to introduce him to my parents. They would compare him to Mike, I knew, and I was sure Rodney would get the superior rating.

"Mom, Pop, this is Rodney Chase."

Pop looked over his reading spectacles. "So you're the young man my daughter raves about."

"Pop!" I rebuked him mildly.

"Sit down, Rodney," Mom said, "and tell us about yourself."

Rodney sat down gracefully and told us about himself. So many boys in his position would have frozen up and become tongue-tied—but not Rodney! He was, well, sophisticated. I could tell Mom was impressed. Pop had listened so far with a noncommittal attitude. Rodney noticed it, and noticed, too, that Pop had been reading the editorial page of the evening newspaper, so he gleefully switched the conversation to politics. At that, Pop gave a surprised grunt and soon was nodding enthusiastically. Rodney, I was sure, was going to be a success.

Later that night, after a happy snack of cookies, cheese and cucumbers, and a warm good-night to Rodney, I confronted my parents.

"What's the family consensus?" I demanded.

Mom smiled kindly. "He's a very clever young man," she said.

Pop wrinkled his brow in a quizzical way. "He talks a blue streak," he grunted.

"So?" I challenged.

"So—he talks a lot," Pop went back to his editorial.

"He's a live wire," I defended. "You've got to admit he's more interesting than Mike."

Pop rustled his paper. "Mike's no wire, he's a human being."

I turned to Mom. "What do you say?"

"He's clever and charming," Mom replied.

"That's all we can say till we get to know him better."

That mollified me some, but as I was going up the stairs, Mom spoiled my mood by adding, "Mike is also a very nice boy."

That's the way it goes. Parents never seem to be up-to-date. Of course Mike was a nice boy but, compared to Rodney, about as intriguing as a cup of lukewarm tea. Stolid, dull, uninspired Mike! I wondered how I could ever have seen anything in him.

Mike rang up the next afternoon, but I wasn't at home. Being the eager beaver, I'd trudged off to the heights with my easel and paint box to capture on canvas the river rapids that swirled below. These were the rapids after which our town was named, and they'd fascinated me ever since I was so high. Now that I was an accomplished painter, having studied the subject some months, I optimistically tackled the toughest project I could find. And I suppose, too, that another one of my motives was to impress Rodney. After all, we'd met through his admiration of my work. But if so, I didn't admit it, because my head was full of Miss Plummer's injunctions about art for art's sake, truth is beauty, beauty truth, et cetera. Visions ghosted through my brain of Miss Candy Clark's masterpieces hanging beside those of Rembrandt, Van Gogh, and Cézanne, and I set out to do the rapids with a high degree of arty enthusiasm and confidence.

After two hours of patient labor on the heights overlooking the rapids, I stepped back to observe my work and found my confidence disappearing like air in a leaky tire. I had the colors right, a swirling swarm of greens and whites, with a dab of brown here and there, but the general effect seemed to resemble a formation of storm clouds instead of rapids in a river. I frowned, I sighed, I massaged a kink in my back. Then I thought of Rodney, who appreciated great art, and reluctantly I picked up the palette and went back to work.

A half-hour later, with the painting traveling

rapidly from Bad to Worse. I heard a twig snap behind me, turned, and there stood . . . Mike!

Arms folded, brow crinkled in calm bewilderment, a quiet grin playing about the corners of his mouth, Mike looked the same as ever—a simple, hulking hunk of boy that rather reminded one of a good-natured elephant.

"So," he drawled. That seemed to sum up the situation.

"Hi, Mike," I said, giving him a polite smile. "What brings you up here?"

He thought that one over, meanwhile eyeing my canvas with a terrible fascination.

"I called your home," he finally explained.

"Your mother said I'd find you up here."

Thanks, Mama dear, I thought to myself, but outwardly I said, "Oh."

There was a long silence. Mike came a few feet nearer the easel, studied my painting with his head cocked to one side, then to the other. For such a calm, gentle person, Mike sometimes makes me nervous.

"Well," I demanded, "what do you think of it?"

Mike thought, cleared his throat, thought again.

"What," he said slowly, "is it supposed to be?"

"Why, the rapids down below, silly!" I felt like kicking him.

Mike's slab-like face flooded with a great enlightenment. He peered below, then back at the easel, and slowly a cloud seemed to be forming back of his eyes. He turned away, kicking idly at a pebble.

"It's nice to have you back, Candy," he said casually.

I gasped. Changing the subject, was he? Well, I wouldn't let him get away with that!

"The painting," I enunciated precisely, "of the rapids. What do you think of it?"

Mike looked like a bewildered child asked to

define the secret of the universe. He glanced at me out of the corner of his eye, then fixed his stare on his shoes and blurted out, "It's no good."

I sat down, stunned.

"It's no good," Mike continued, "because it lacks the feeling of the rapids, the wild, churning power, the . . ." He gestured, and his voice ground to a miserable silence.

The nerve of this character! "And what, Mr. Michael Morgan, do you know about painting?" I shot back acidly.

"Nothing," he admitted, fixing his eyes on the river below. "But I know the rapids."

There didn't seem to be much I could say to that, so I shut my paint box with an angry snap, folded the easel, and prepared to go home. A whole day's work had been ruined by this hulking, mutton-headed bully who didn't know a Matisse from a Picasso!

"Leaving? Let me carry your things," Mike volunteered.

"Thank you, Mike, but I can manage quite well!" Laden with equipment, I set off down the heights at an indignant trot. Behind me I could hear the heavy, somehow apologetic crunch of Mike's huge feet.

. . . Safe at home, I put my canvas up on the mantel and sat down to study it. Mentally I wasn't seeing the picture at all. Instead there floated before me Mike's puzzled, awkward face, and in my ears echoed his words of condemnation. "So he thinks it's no good," I sizzled. "Well, I know someone who'll think it's wonderful!"

With that thought I felt better, and began to look forward to the evening—for Rodney would be around at seven-thirty. Rodney would appreciate my art! Of that I was certain. He would take one look at the canvas and immediately perceive all the signs of youthful genius that were as obvious as sunshine. I even wished Mike could be around to hear the opinions of a person who really understood painting. Rodney would show him!

By seven-thirty, I had myself wound up to a high peak of intensity. Suppose Rodney didn't think much of the painting, either? I would be shattered. But utterly! However, I needn't have worried. Rodney, in his way, was reliable.

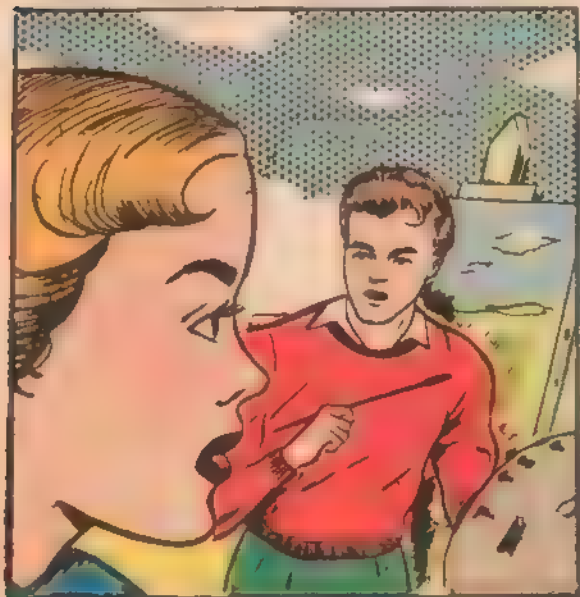
I almost didn't recognize the dream boy when he appeared at the front door. Something was missing. Then, immediately, I saw what it was. He was dressed in civies! It was the first time I'd seen Rodney without his cadet uniform, and I couldn't quite repress the shock it gave me. Frankly, without his uniform to prop him up, Rodney wasn't nearly as glamorous as I'd imagined.

Swallowing my surprise, I invited him in, made him close his eyes, and led him to the painting.

"Now tell me honestly, what you think," I instructed.

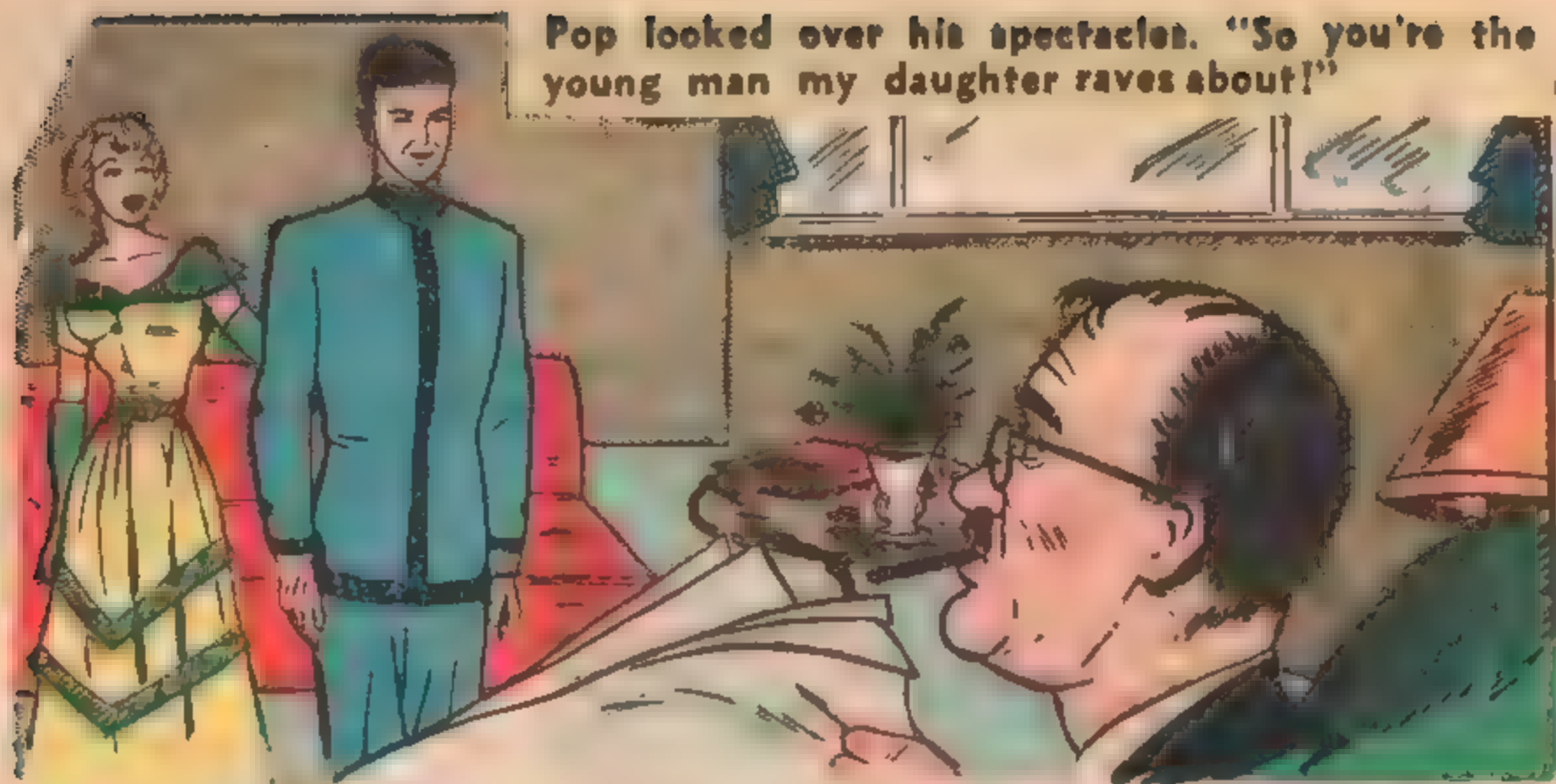
He opened his eyes, stared admiringly at the canvas, and began to babble compli-

"Great sense of design . . . wonderful feeling for color . . . perspective is excellent . . . fine composition." He beamed at me. "In short, a beautiful painting!"



Hearing my step, Mike turned, shielding the painting with his body.

Pop looked over his spectacles. "So you're the young man my daughter raves about!"



I nodded vaguely. I should have been satisfied, shouldn't I? He was telling me just what I had ached to hear. But somehow, I didn't believe a word he said. The more compliments he showered on the painting, the more I saw it for the wretched piece of work it was. Though I hated to admit it, I began to sense that Mike had been more than half right. It wasn't a painting of the rapids at all. It had no relation to the rapids. It was only a semiskilled job of daubing. I had missed completely.

Rodney was still rattling on. "This," he exclaimed impressively, "is the best thing you've done yet!"

"Do you think so?" I asked.

"Absolutely!"

"Then," my voice was small and humble, "I'm certainly not much of an artist!"

Rodney looked startled.

"Do you mind," I continued, "if we don't go out tonight? I don't feel much like it."

Five minutes later, Rodney was descending our front steps. I watched him leave without regret, and wondered what in the world I'd ever seen in him.

... Next afternoon I climbed up the heights again, a sketch pad under my arm. I'd done a lot of thinking the night before, and had resolved to draw and draw and draw those rapids until I got the feel of them. Then, perhaps, I could do a reasonably good job of interpreting them on canvas.

As I approached the crest, I caught sight of a broad back and what were unmistakably the hulking shoulders of Mike Morgan. His presence there was surprising enough, but what he was doing was positively a tounding. With a palette hooked on one thumb, a brush clenched in his huge hand, and an easel propped before him, he was painting away with a grand zest!

Hearing my step, he turned, shielding the canvas with his body. On his face was an expression of mischievous guilt.

"Well!" I said.

He nodded meekly.

"I didn't know you could paint," I pointed out sternly.

"I didn't, either," he confessed. "You gave me the inspiration yesterday. You see," he continued slowly, "there's something about these rapids you missed entirely . . . and I felt, somehow, that I could express it!"

"Let's see what you've done."

"I'd rather not," he objected, still hiding the easel with his body.

"Is that fair?" I pouted. "Didn't I show you my painting?"

He shrugged like an unhappy elephant, and moved aside.

At first glance, his canvas looked like something a child does in kindergarten. It was crude and raw and utterly lacking in polish. But as you stared at it, its power began to strike you—a direct, overwhelming power that shouted in color and left you weak. I may not be much of a painter, but I know something good when I see it.

I shook my head. "Move over, Michelangelo," I said softly. "Make room for Mike Morgan!"

"Huh?" Mike looked at me, puzzled.

"I said, you're going to be a great painter, Mike. You have genius."

Mike smiled calmly, without excitement or flurry. And as I stared at him awe-stricken, I wondered once more how I could have been so mistaken about Mike. Just an overgrown, mutton-headed boy, kind-hearted and dull? Or was he, instead, a modest, unassuming person gifted with the talent I dreamed of and admired? As I looked again at his painting, I said humbly, "You were right yesterday, Mike. I'm sorry I took it so poorly."

Mike chuckled softly, forgivingly. "Remember I said I'd like to see a lot of you this summer? How about it? We could sketch and paint the whole countryside together."

I looked up into Mike's gentle, twinkling eyes, and my heart was in my voice when I spoke.

"I'd love to," I answered.

THE END

For Girls Only!

WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND? WHAT'S ON YOUR HEART? SHOULD YOU GO STEADY OR SHOULD YOU PART? IS IT PUPPY LOVE OR IS IT REAL? IS HE A PRINCE OR MERELY A KNEE? IF YOU'RE CONFUSED, TELL ME HOW YOU FEEL...

Dear Polly,

I had a date with a swell fellow three weeks ago. We had a wonderful time and when he said goodbye to me, he also said, "I'll call you." All this time has passed and I haven't seen or heard from him. What's the matter? Why doesn't he call me?

T. F.

Dear T. F.,

The vague remark, "I'll call you," is nothing to save your Saturday nights for. If he'd said, "How about a movie on Thursday?" or, "May I see you next week?" you could climb up on the telephone table and wait. But many boys like to skim around and spread themselves thin over the available loans. So sit tight—he didn't say when he'd call. He's probably the type that likes to leave himself plenty of room in which to move around, so if and when he does ring your number, be casual and unconcerned.

Dear Polly,

A boy who has a reputation as a "wolf" has asked me out. I like him a lot, but everyone says he's "too fast for me." Is it all right to go out with someone like that, and what is a wolf, anyway?

A. C.

Dear A. C.,

If you'll remember, Little Red Riding Hood couldn't tell a wolf from her grandmother, and I guess nowadays it's just as hard—except for the wave of comments they leave in their wake. We can safely call those comments a bad reputation. But opinions and remarks of others aren't always valid. So, if you want to be fair, A. C., you should judge this young "wolf" yourself.

Basically, a "wolf" is a fellow who does as he pleases and thinks nothing of hurting others. His attitude toward life can be summed up in these words: "So what?" To get what he wants, he'll put on a smooth exterior—but underneath, he has no consideration or respect for anyone or anything except his mighty self.

Now ask yourself these questions about the gentleman on trial. They should give you your answer. Would you be proud to introduce him to your parents? Is he nice to you, and does he appeal to you? Does he fit the above description of a "wolf?"

Love seldom knocks twice, so be on your toes. Tomorrow, the next day... one never knows! Will it be Gary, or Sandy, or Stan? On guard, girls, to win your man! What to do? What to say? If you don't know, write me today!

Personally yours,
Polly Parker

Dear Polly,

Tony and I have been going steady for nine months, and it's wonderful, and I know he likes me. But when we go out, he always comments on how pretty and how nicely dressed other girls are, but he never compliments me. This makes me furious and I don't know what to do about it.

V. S.

Dear V. S.,

Why doesn't Tony compliment you on your appearance? He seems to appreciate girls who are well groomed and well dressed. (What man doesn't?) So wouldn't it follow that if you were in handbox condition every time he saw you, you'd cash in on your share of the admiration, too? In fact, you'd probably have a monopoly!

Harness your temper and release it through your hairbrush, your fingernail file, your iron, your washcloth. And remember, going steady is no excuse to let yourself become sloppy and run down. If you want to hold Tony, stay as sparkling as you were on your first date!

Dear Polly,

My boy friend and I are both going away to different colleges. We're very much in love. He wants us to be engaged and not to date anyone else. Our schools are too far away to visit each other every weekend, and I think not dating would be silly. What do you think?

R. R. L.

Dear R. R. L.,

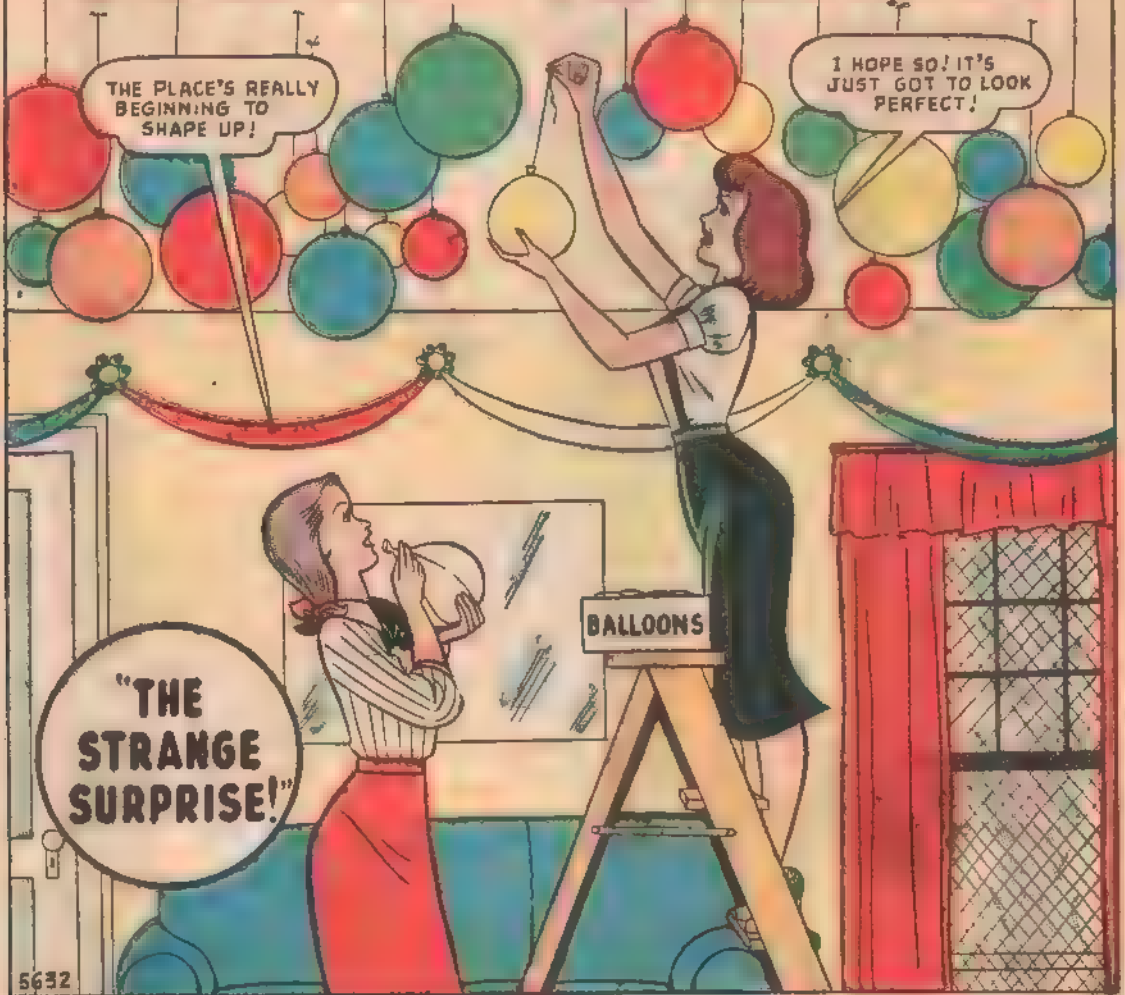
If you two are really in love, a casual date now and then with someone on campus will serve to enrich your relationship, rather than harm it. However, if you're not sure of your love for each other, it's vitally important that you circulate socially. Perhaps the more you date, the more you will realize that you were made for each other like toothbrush and paste. Or maybe you'll begin to see how much you miss when you deny yourselves the company of others...

Above all, don't make the mistake of binding yourselves with a dating taboo!

Send your letters in care of:

Polly Parker
Suite 1404
350 Fifth Avenue
New York 1, N. Y.

PATSY WALKER



BE A MODERN '49er — BUY UNITED STATES SAVINGS BONDS



SURE! I EVEN INVITED
MY ARCH RIVAL FOR
BUZZ'S HEART!

OUCH!
NOT *HER*!



YOU KNOW SHE'LL
ONLY TRY TO MAKE
TROUBLE!

OH, YOU KNOW
HEDY ISN'T THAT
BAD!



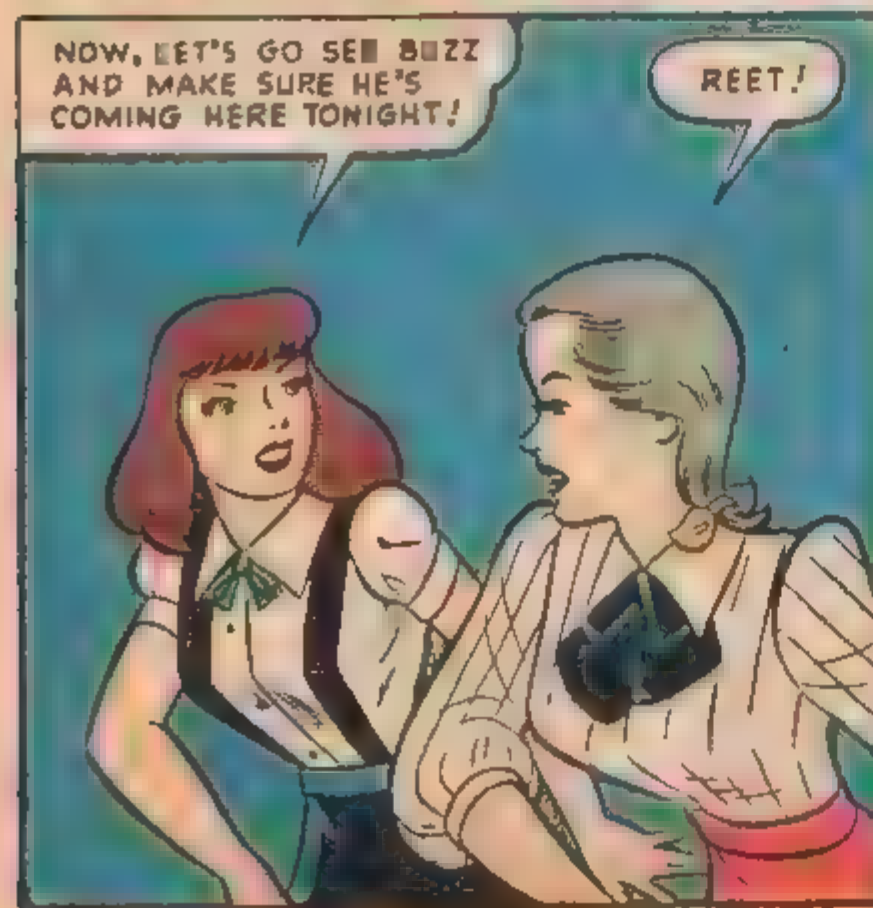
BESIDES, SINCE IT'S FOR BUZZ,
I'M SURE SHE'LL BEHAVE!
IT'S ME SHE DISLIKES!

OKAY!
OKAY!
BUT I STILL
SMELL
TROUBLE!



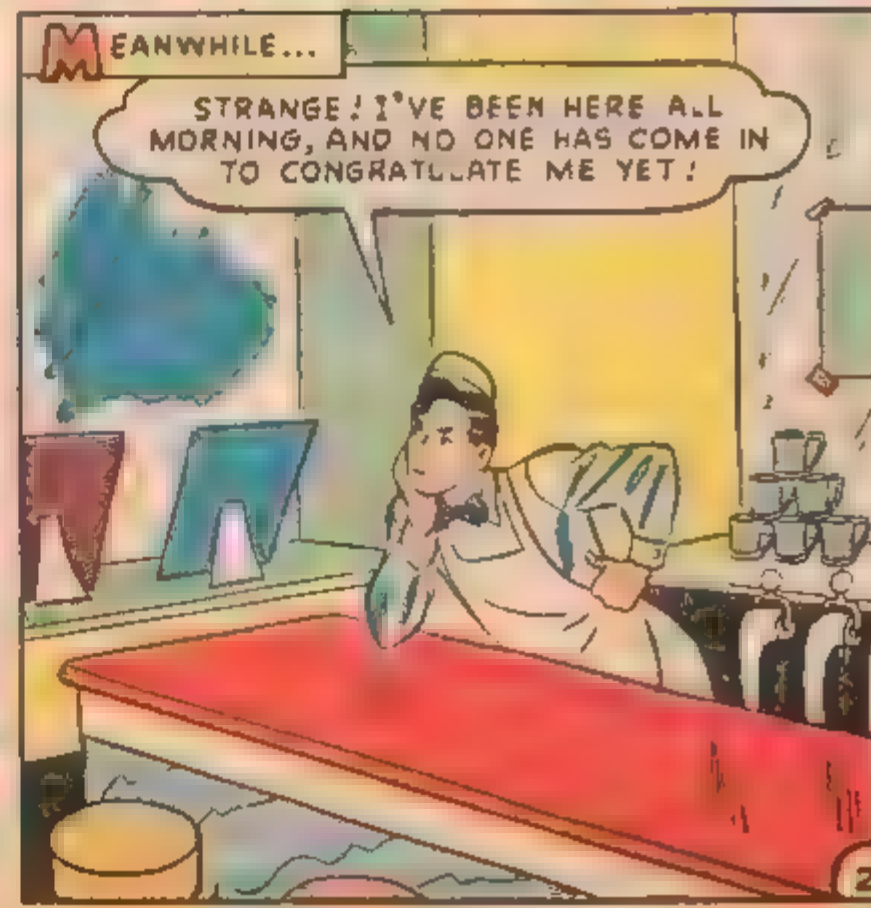
WELL, ALL
FINISHED
AT LAST!

I HOPE TAKING IT
DOWN DOESN'T TAKE
AS LONG AS PUTTING
IT UP DID!



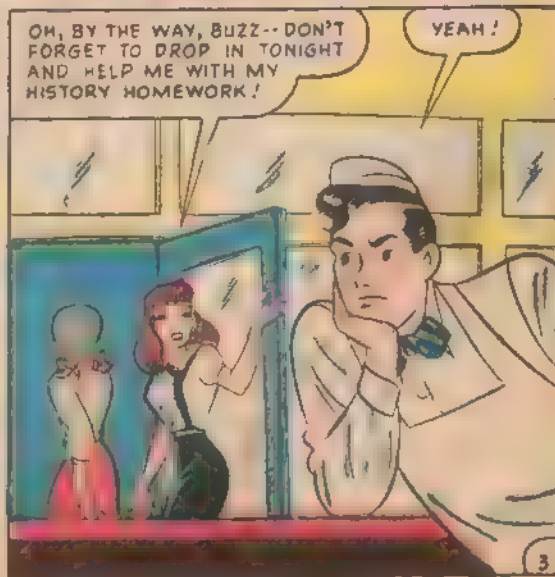
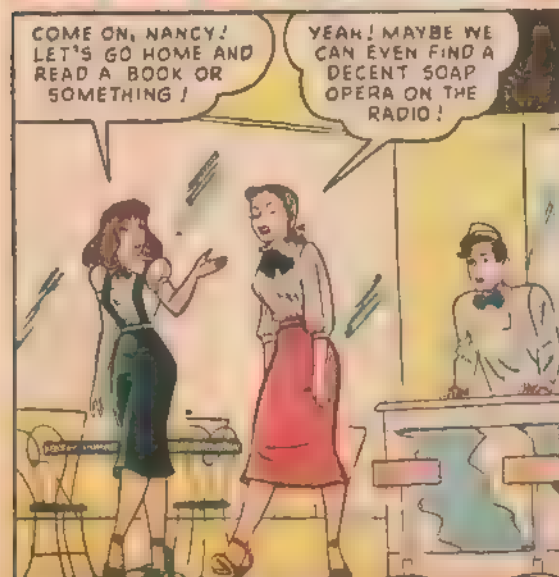
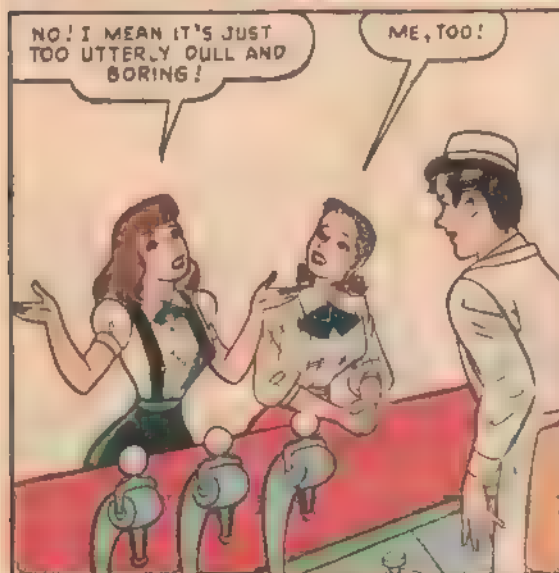
NOW, LET'S GO SEE BUZZ
AND MAKE SURE HE'S
COMING HERE TONIGHT!

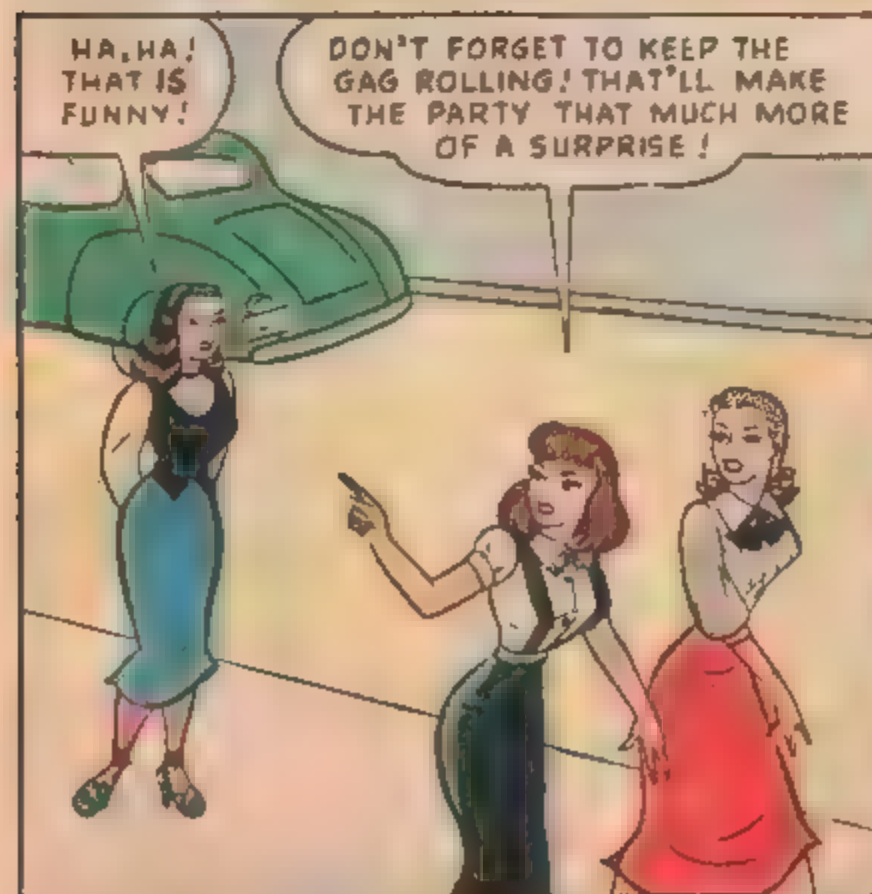
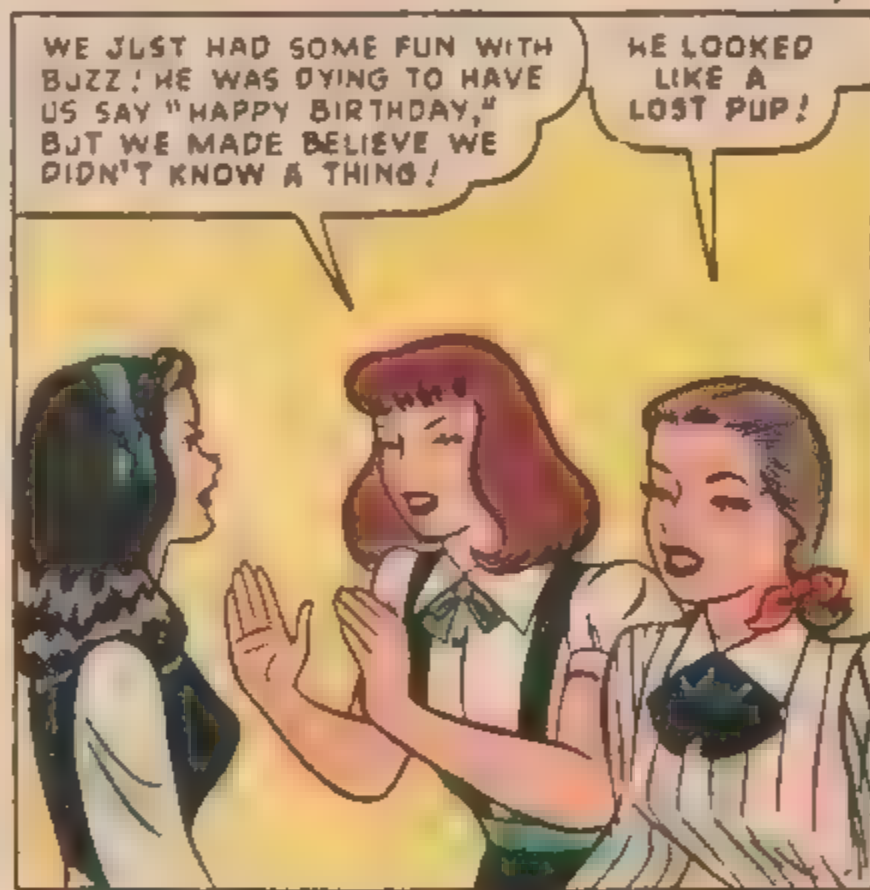
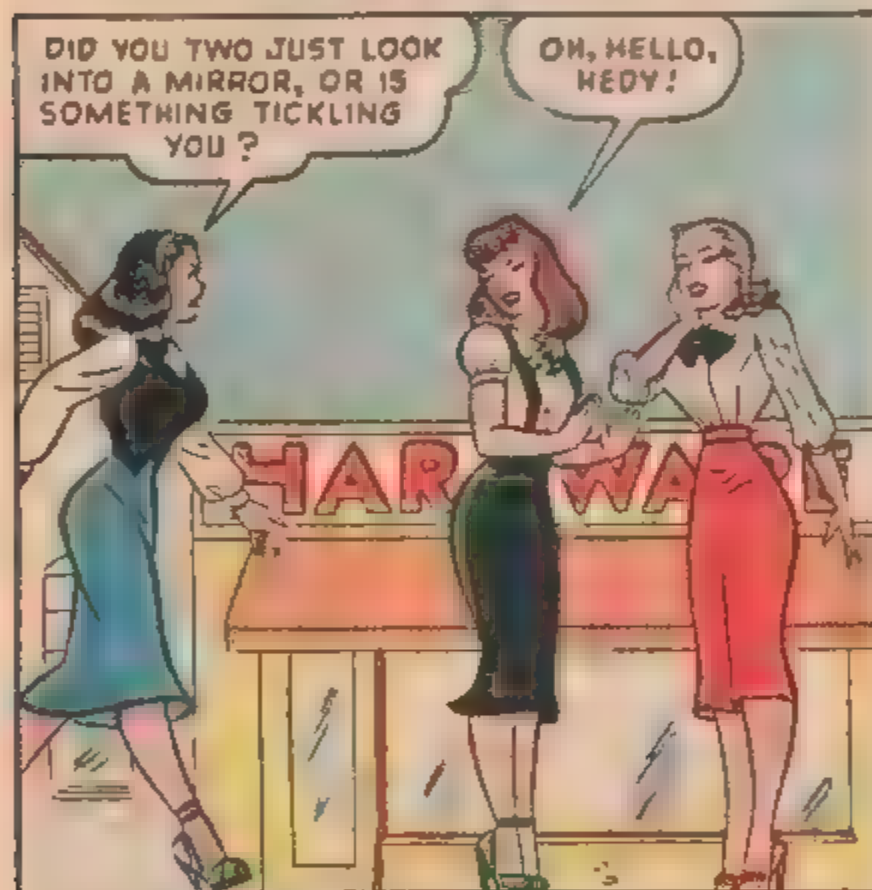
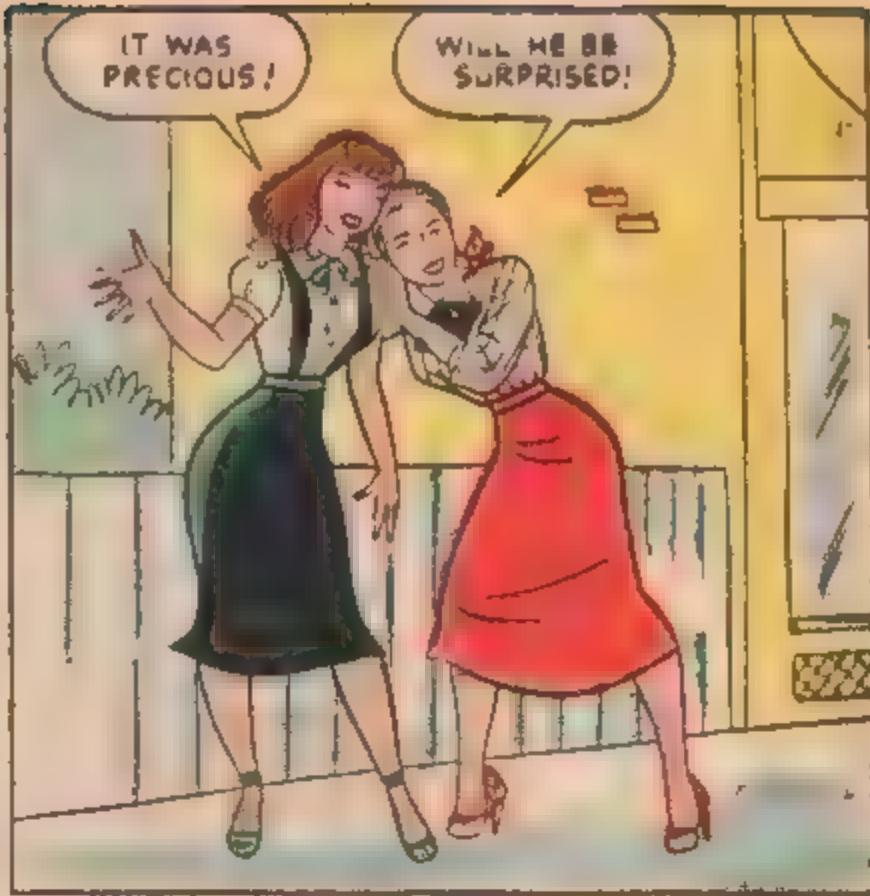
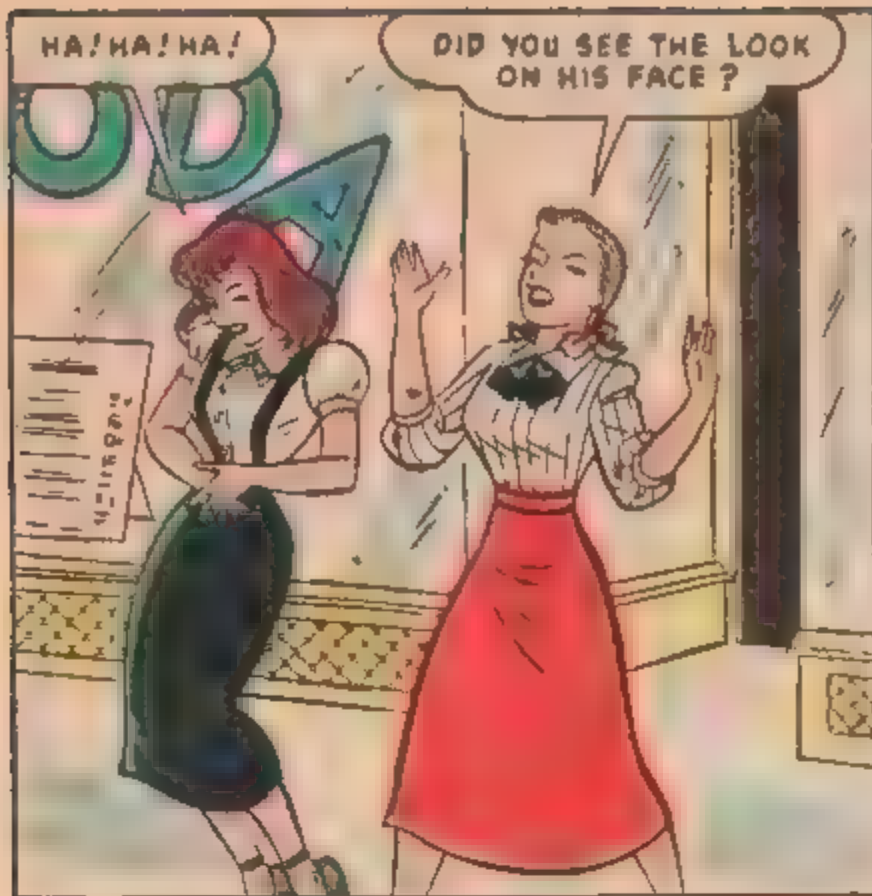
REET!

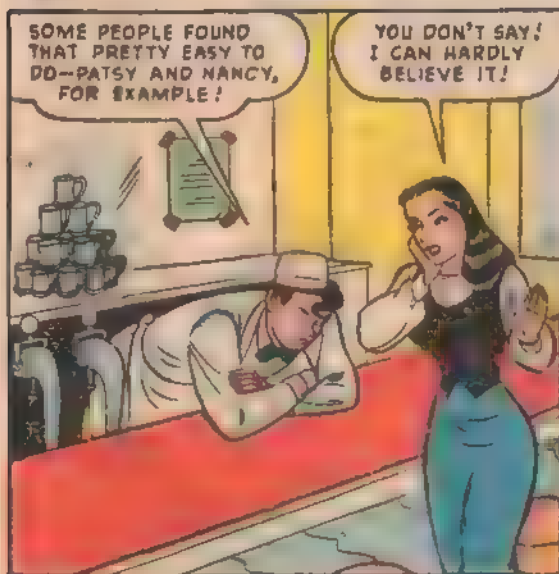
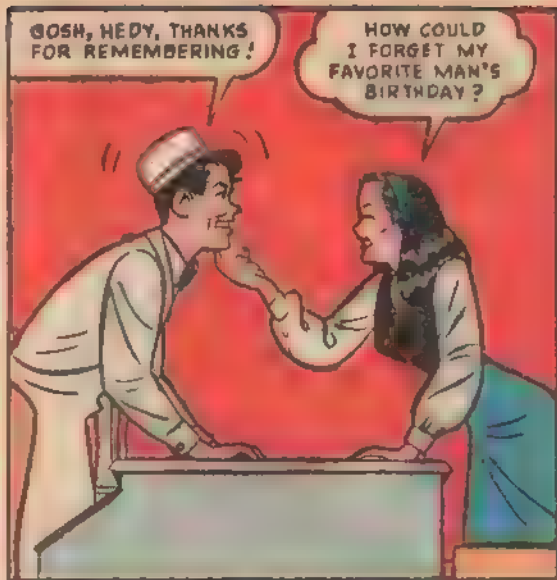


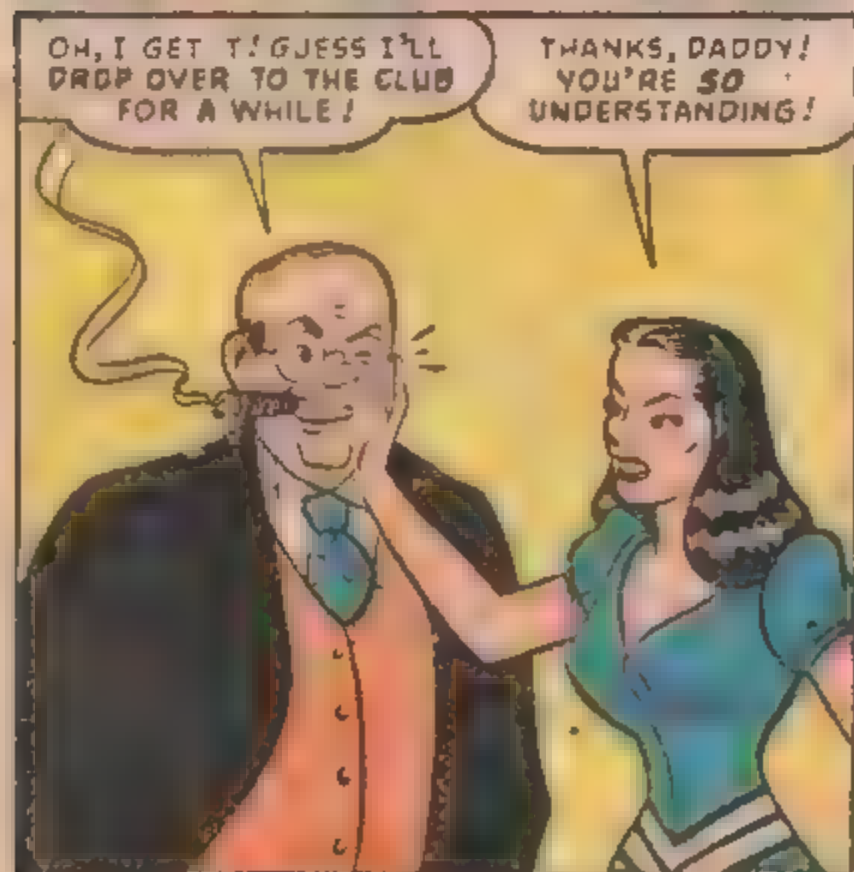
MEANWHILE...

STRANGE! I'VE BEEN HERE ALL
MORNING, AND NO ONE HAS COME IN
TO CONGRATULATE ME YET!

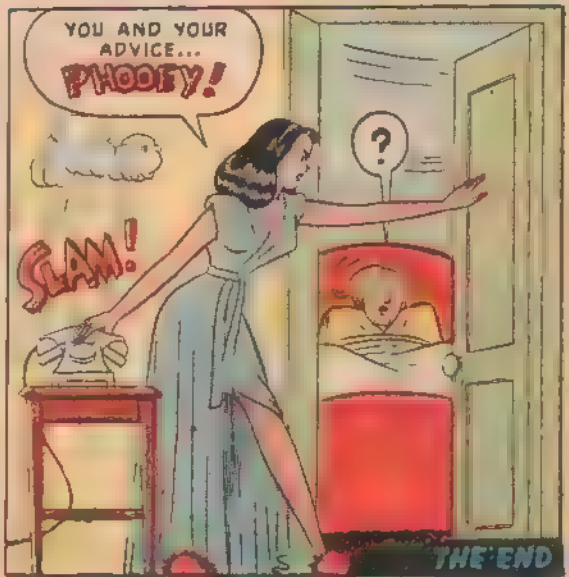
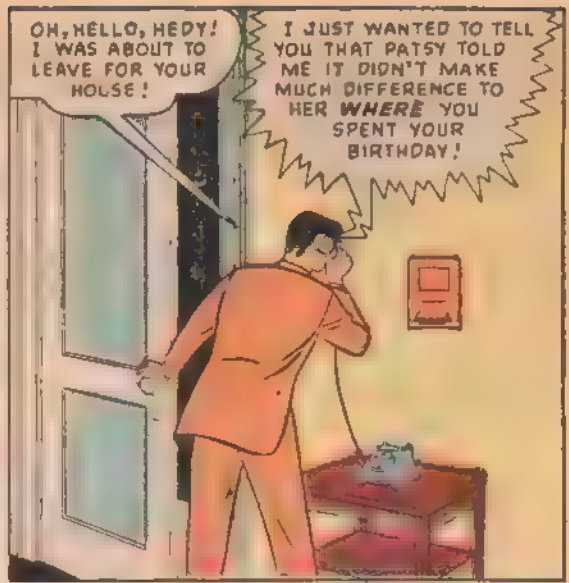








BE A MODERN '49er — BUY UNITED STATES SAVINGS BONDS



AMERICA'S
MOST
THRILLING
TALES OF
ROMANCE...

♥
LOVE TALES
♥
LOVERS
♥
BEST LOVE
♥
**MY OWN
ROMANCE**
♥
**LOVE
ROMANCES**
♥
MY LOVE
♥

LOOK FOR

**THE
MARVEL SEAL**

FOOD FOR FUN

BRAN BRAINSTORM . . .

To add a finishing touch for a leisurely Sunday breakfast, there is nothing like hot BRAN MUFFINS.

Sift together a cup of sifted whole wheat flour, 3 tablespoons brown sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon baking soda, a teaspoon of baking powder and a teaspoon salt. Mix in 1 cup all-bran. Gradually stir in a cup of sour milk or buttermilk, then 1 well beaten egg and 2 tablespoons melted butter. If you like raisins, add a handful.

Pour into small greased muffin tins and bake in a hot oven for about 20 minutes, or until the edges are browned slightly. Serve hot, with plenty of butter.

It's all-bran, and it's all reet!

Stir until completely blended, and then drop by spoonfuls into deep fat to fry a golden brown. Serve very hot wrapped in a napkin.

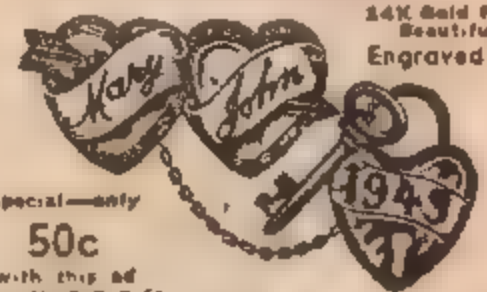
EGGS BENEDICK . . .

You don't have to go to a ritzy restaurant to have this dish. It's easy to make and will please the man in your life at lunch someday!

Split and butter English muffins. Toast or heat them until they are warm and "drippy"—but not really crisp. Fry thin slices of ham or Canadian bacon and place them on the muffins.

While you're preparing the muffins and ham, be poaching eggs in rings. Slip the eggs onto the ham, pour Hollandaise sauce overall, and top with a dash of parsley or a slice of ripe olive.

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1 Information, please! We'd like to know if the following statements concerning American history are true or false.

1. John Adams is known as the "Father of our Country."
2. Patrick Henry said, "Give me liberty or give me death!"
3. The Boston Tea Party involved a group of American Indians.
4. Alexander Hamilton was killed by Aaron Burr.
5. Thomas Jefferson wrote the Monroe Doctrine.
6. The Louisiana Territory was acquired from Spain.
7. The Civil War started with an attack on Fort Sumter.
8. Abraham Lincoln was our second President.
9. George Washington delivered the Gettysburg Address.
10. Thomas Paine wrote the pamphlet *Common Sense*.

2 The comedy teams listed below are responsible for miles of smiles. Try to unscramble them and give the comedians their correct partners.

1. Laurel and Johnson
2. Abbott and Molly
3. Amos and Cobina
4. Lum and Costello
5. Mutt and Hardy
6. Fibber McGee and Harriet
7. Blondie and Andy
8. Ozzie and Abner
9. Olsen and Jeff
10. Brenda and Dagwood

Answers

ANSWERS TO 1: 1—false, 2—true, 3—false, 4—true, 5—false, 6—true, 7—true, 8—false, 9—false, 10—true.

ANSWERS TO 2: 1—Laurel and Hardy, 2—Abbott and Costello, 3—Amos and Andy, 4—Lum and Abner, 5—Mutt and Jeff, 6—Fibber McGee and Harriet, 7—Blondie and Dagwood, 8—Ozzie and Harriet, 9—Olsen and Johnson, 10—Brenda and Cobina.

ANSWERS TO 3: 1—Spain, 2—Holland, 3—England, 4—Italy, 5—France, 6—Italy, 7—France, 8—United States, 9—Holland, 10—England.



3 If you're interested in art, this quiz should be easy for you. . . . Simply jot down the countries which claim the great painters listed below.

1. Goya
2. Van Dyck
3. Constable
4. da Vinci
5. Monet
6. Titian
7. Corot
8. Stuart
9. Rembrandt
10. Gainsborough

4 Can you name the authors of these literary classics?

1. *Ivanhoe*
2. *Idylls of the King*
3. *Macbeth*
4. *Paradise Lost*
5. *Anna Karenina*
6. *The Rubaiyat*
7. *Tom Sawyer*
8. *The Scarlet Letter*
9. *David Copperfield*
10. *The Vicar of Wakefield*

5 Probably you haven't seen these interesting sights, but we're certain you've heard about them. Can you remember the countries in which they're located?

1. The Blarney stone
2. The Parthenon
3. Big Ben
4. The Leaning Tower of Pisa
5. Eiffel Tower
6. Westminster Abbey
7. Taj Mahal
8. Niagara Falls
9. The Colosseum
10. The Cathedral of Notre Dame

ANSWERS TO 4: 1—Scott, 2—Tennyson, 3—Shakespeare, 4—Milton, 5—Tolstoy, 6—Omar Khayyam, 7—Mark Twain, 8—Hawthorne, 9—Dickens, 10—Oliver Goldsmith.

ANSWERS TO 5: 1—Ireland, 2—Greece, 3—England, 4—Italy, 5—France, 6—England, 7—India, 8—United States, 9—Italy, 10—France.

Now you can have daring Newest Look Beauty!

TRI-LETTE

Have modish little waist, full bosom, with NO bulges between! TRI-LETTE'S all-in-one—uplift bra, waist nipper, garter belt. Of lace trimmed rayon satin; featherlight boning, Lastex insert. Stays UP! A cup, 32 to 36. B cup, 32 to 38. In BLUE, WHITE, NUDE, BLACK.

only **5⁹⁵**

Tri-LO

Low plunging top and strapless; never peeks above "bare look" dress. Lightly and cleverly boned. Molds bust for uplift and division, in luxury rayon satin, lovely lace and net trim, elastic side trim. BLACK, WHITE, NUDE, BLUE. Sizes 32 to 36 (medium cup).

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(FROM A LETTER TO BETTY MEMPHIS SENT HER BY ETHEL JORDAN, DETROIT, MICH.)



If your face is broken out, if bad skin is making you miserable, here is how to stop worrying about pimples, blackheads and other externally caused skin troubles.

JUST FOLLOW SKIN DOCTOR'S SIMPLE DIRECTIONS

"I just want to be alone!" Is there anything more awful than the blues that come when your face is broken out and you feel like hiding away because of pimples, blackheads and similar externally caused skin troubles? I know how it feels from personal experience. And I can appreciate the wonderful, wonderful joy that Ethel S. Jordan felt when she found something that not only promised her relief—but gave it to her in just one short week!

When I was having my own skin troubles, I tried a good many cosmetics, ointments and whatnot that were recommended to me. I remember vividly how disappointed I felt each time, until I discovered the skin doctor's formula now known as the Double Viderm Treatment. I felt pretty wonderful when friends began to rave about my "movie-star skin." No more self-consciousness. No more having my friends feel sorry for me. The secret joy, again, of running my fingertips over a smoother, clearer skin.

Many women shut themselves out of the thrills of life—dates, romance, popularity, social and business success—only because sheer neglect has robbed them of the good looks, poise and feminine self-assurance which could so easily be theirs. Yes, everybody looks at your face. The beautiful

complexion, which is yours for the asking, is like a permanent card of admission to all the good things of life that every woman craves. And it really can be yours—take my word for it!—no matter how discouraged you may be this very minute about those externally caused skin miseries.

What Makes "Bad Skin" Get That Way?

Medical science gives us the truth about how skin blemishes usually develop. There are small specks of dust and dirt in the air all the time. When these get into the open pores in your skin, they can in time "stretch" the pores and make them large enough to pocket dirt particles, dust and infection. These open pores become infected and bring you the humiliation of pimples, blackheads or other blemishes. Often, the natural oils that lubricate your skin will harden in the pores and result in unsightly blemishes.

When you neglect your skin by not giving it the necessary care, you leave yourself wide open to externally caused skin miseries. Yet proper attention with the Double Viderm Treatment may mean the difference between enjoying the confidence a fine skin gives you or the embarrassment of an ugly, unbeautiful skin that makes you want to hide your face.

The Double Viderm Treatment is a formula prescribed with amazing success by a dermatologist and costs you only a few cents daily. This treatment consists of two jars. One contains Viderm Skin Cleanser, a jelly-like formula which penetrates your pores and acts as an antiseptic. After you use this special Viderm Skin Cleanser, you simply apply the Viderm Fortified Medicated Skin Cream. You rub this in, leaving an almost invisible protective covering for the surface of your skin.

This double treatment has worked wonders for so many cases of external skin troubles that it may help you, too—in fact, your money will be refunded if it doesn't. Use it for only ten days. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose. It is a guaranteed treatment. Enjoy it. Your dream of a clearer, smoother complexion may come true in ten days or less.

Use your Double Viderm Treatment every day until your skin is smoother and clearer. Then use it only once a week to remove stale make-up and dirt specks that infect your pores, as well as to aid in healing external irritations. Remember that when you help prevent blackheads, you also help to prevent externally caused skin miseries and pimples.

Just mail your name and address to Betty Memphis, care of the New York Skin Laboratory, 206 Division Street, Dept. E-1, New York 2, N. Y. By return mail you will receive the doctor's directions, and both



jars, packed in a safety-sealed carton. On delivery, pay two dollars plus postage. If you wish, you can save the postage fee by mailing the two dollars with your letter. Then, if you are in any way dissatisfied, your money will be cheerfully refunded. To give you an idea of how fully tested and proven the Viderm Double Treatment is, it may interest you to know that, up to this month, over two hundred and thirty-one thousand women have ordered it on my recommendation. If you could only see the thousands of happy, grateful letters that have come to me as a result, you would know the joy this simple treatment can bring. And, think of it!—the treatment must work for you, or it doesn't cost you a cent.



A screen star's face is her fortune. That's why she makes it her business to protect her complexion against pimples, blackheads and blemishes. Your face is no different. Give it the Double Treatment it needs and watch those skin blemishes go away.

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